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26 June 1926

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

N a leading article we plead for more loyal support for the policy of the Prime Minister. It has been obvious to the political observer for some time that not all Mr. Baldwin's colleagues see eye to eye with him in some of the difficulties he has recently been called upon to face. A notable example of this was afforded the public last week-end, when Mr. Churchill went behind the official Government attitude towards Russia, indicating as clearly as possible his dissent from the decision not to make Moscow's subsidies to British strike funds the occasion for breaking off relations with her. Other such differences were current gossip at the time of the general strike, and the pull of divergent policies has been apparent since. No Cabinet in the world can be expected-why should it?-never to have differences, even discords, but the doctrine of collective responsibility and the dictates of common loyalty and discipline have in the past generally sufficed to cloak them. Mr. Baldwin's policy is not always as obvious or as immediate in its probable practical advantages as that of the men who differ from him, but it is solid, and, what is more, constructive.

Sir Austen Chamberlain is to be congratulated on his refusal to confuse internal and international affairs. A Foreign Minister who has any dealings with Soviet Russia is bound to meet with difficulties, and, when members of his own Party urge him to break off all relations with Moscow, he must sometimes be tempted to do so. But it is frequently worth while to face difficulties with British trade is growing at a faster patience. rate with Russia than with any European country, and our exports in 1925 were more than double those of 1924. It is significant that the exports in 1923, when Lord Curzon was in difficulties with Moscow, were less than half those of the preceding year, and any breach now would undoubtedly have consequences at least as serious. more, there is nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, by adopting, in a moment of ill-humour, a policy which will make extremists more extreme and will arouse sympathy, even in moderate Labour circles, for the "martyrs" of Moscow.

No very marked change has come over the coal situation, but there is a general feeling that the crisis is moving towards solution. The Government introduction of the Eight Hour Bill has had the immediate, and perhaps unfore-seen, effect of unifying the split ranks of Labour

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Demonstration at your

and healing the breach between the Miners' Federation and the T.U.C. These bodies have These bodies have agreed to postpone the discussion of their differences—which promised to be entertaining—at the conference of trade union executives, and to concentrate on opposing the Government measure. The Government, however, have no intention of retreating from their position, and propose to pass through the Eight Hour Bill as quickly as may Then the situation may change; and though the Federation and the T.U.C. may maintain a united front, the Federation itself may split, large numbers of miners going back to the pits on the terms offered by the owners under an eight-hour day. This is at any rate the calculation of those who initiated the Government's present policy: whether it succeeds or fails only time can show. Elsewhere we state our reasons for regretting the Government's plan. The Cabinet should stand Government's plan. by the Report.

Following on the failure of the general strike a Cabinet sub-committee was appointed to consider the relation of trade unions to the law. As a result of its deliberations a Bill to amend the Trade Disputes Act of 1906 is likely soon to be introduced. The public utterances of individual ministers, as we have recently been given cause to remember, do not invariably reflect the considered opinion of the Government, but Lord Birkenhead's speech to the Conservative and Unionist Associations last Tuesday may be taken as a fairly accurate expression of the Government's view of this matter. Difficulties in the way are not small, but the necessities of the case and the emphatic feeling in the country for reform, as evinced at the meeting which Lord Birkenhead addressed, demand that they shall be overcome.

Two points especially require revision. It must be made illegal for a strike to be called before a ballot of workers has been taken (and the ballot should so far as may be possible be a secret one), and the existing law in relation to picketing must be reviewed. Other points will doubtless be considered, and there will almost certainly be a renewal of the agitation to introduce a Political Levy Bill, which Mr. Baldwin on the last occasion so effectively subdued. But in drafting whatever legislation may be decided upon one of the main concerns of those responsible must be to avoid offending the susceptibilities of trade unionists or creating the impression that the Government are bent on injuring or penalizing the workers. It should not be impossible to devise a method of putting the unions on a fairer footing with the law without in any way damaging the true interests of their members.

What are we to write about the crisis in France? Even the political bargainings in Germany have not been quite so contemptible and unpatriotic as the attitudes adopted by the different parties in the Chamber. M. Briand used to be condemned as an opportunist who cared much for his own position and little for his country, but the persistence with which he has worked to form a strong Government in France is in every way admirable, and his disinterestedness is proved by his readi-

ness to serve under M. Herriot after M. Herriot, at the behest of his party, had refused to serve under him. M. Poincaré, too, whose policy we have often, but whose patriotism we have never, questioned in these columns, has earned universal respect by his readiness to work in a Briand Cabinet with such bitter political enemies as M. Caillaux. Even M. Poincaré, however, quailed before the prospect of accepting the portfolio of Finance, since the Finance Minister will become, within a very few weeks, the most unpopular man in France. It is a thousand pities that the hostility of the Left has compelled him to withhold his co-operation at the last moment. As things are the Right is angry, part of the Left is offended, and the Left-Centre, upon which the Government will have to depend, is always an untrustworthy support in an emergency. responsibility, however, now rests on the shoulders of both M. Briand and M. Caillaux, instead of upon those of M. Briand alone, and this is a great gain. M. Caillaux has already proved himself an excellent Finance Minister, and his name should no longer frighten capital abroad, and thereby still further endanger the franc, as it did when last he took office.

The task of the Minister of Finance is made doubly disagreeable by the knowledge that his first action will have to be to resort to further inflation, and Frenchmen, having for so long accepted inflation without protest, are now absurdly hostile to the very mention of the word. June, with its half-yearly payments to be made, is a bad month for a financial crisis, and it is reported that both M. Poincaré and M. Doumer refused the portfolio of Finance because of details they obtained as to the position of the Treasury. M. Briand realizes that any new Government must have so large a majority in the Chamber that it will be able to survive even a certain measure of further inflation, and the formation of such a Government is naturally no easy task. In these circumstances strong support will be forthcoming for the suggestion that the Chamber should be dissolved and that elections should only be held in three months' time, when an extra-Parliamentary Government would have had a fair chance of reconstructing the finances of France.

The referendum on the confiscation of the property of the German Princes is a defeat for everybody. The Socialists had hoped for a larger vote and the Nationalists for a smaller one, while the Princes themselves must be depressed to see that roughly as many of their former subjects voted for confiscation without any compensation as voted for Marshal Hindenburg in the presidential elections. The Government will now have to press forward with its Compensation Bill, which will set up a special court to deal with the claims and will undoubtedly cut them down rather drastically. Some prophets already announce that this Bill will be defeated and that Chancellor Marx will have to appeal to the country. His Government is unstable enough in all conscience, but we are inclined to believe that the Socialists will allow the Bill to go through without very serious modification, since they only supported the referendum

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because, as usual, they allowed all other considerations to be dwarfed by their fear lest the Communist initiative should weaken their own party.

Above all, in this referendum, Europe and Germany are the losers. Even the disputes over the German national flag have not embittered public opinion as has last Sunday's ballot. Internal dissensions weaken France and Germany far more than the coal strike weakens this country, and all at a time when these three Powers should be developing the policy initiated at Locarno. We have now dictators in Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Poland, and other countries may be expected to follow suit unless the Great Powers which still uphold the parliamentary regime hasten to show that that regime is worth upholding. The withdrawal of Spain from the League, if it actually occurs, will have a far greater effect than the withdrawal of Brazil, and The withdrawal of Spain from the the outlook for the League and Locarno will be very depressing unless Great Britain, France and Germany can settle their internal disputes in time to go to the next Assembly in September with a strong and united line of policy.

During the general strike here, Messrs. Oudegeest and Fimmen, present and past Secretaries of the International Federation of Trade Unions, were active in preventing the unloading of British vessels at Continental ports, an activity which possibly entitles them to the gratitude of the Transport Workers Union here, but scarcely to that of the British Government or people. When those persons propose to visit England, the Home Secretary is thoroughly justified in refusing permission, even though the immediate object of their visit should happen to be attendance at an innocent discussion of migration. Mr. Henderson does no service to Labour by heckling Sir William Joynson-Hicks on the subject. Nine-tenths of the people of this country strongly resent foreign intervention in our domestic disputes, and are determined, with the Home Secretary, to afford no opportunities to the foreign enemies of British industrial peace for the concerting of fresh plans on British soil.

Twenty years have passed since a Royal Commission reported that as thousands of clergy, with strong lay support, refused to respect the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, those decisions could not be enforced. The danger of indiscipline within the Church has not diminished during that period; will it be ended now in consequence of the moderate and apparently practical scheme recommended by the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission set up in 1923 to investigate this question? On the whole, we may hope so. According to the scheme, the final Court of Appeal will consist of lay judicial authorities, but all questions of doctrine, usage and discipline will be referred to an assembly of archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the opinion of the majority of that assembly will be binding on the secular Court of Appeal. A technical objection has been raised by the Bishop

of Durham, who holds that the proposal impairs the position of the Crown in regard to the Church, but that objection will hardly be sustained by the Church in council next month.

In a world in which the present counts for more than the future it was not to be expected that the trials of the " Autogiro " which have been carried out by Captain Courtney at Hamble during the week would attract the attention they deserve. The significance of these flights is tremendous and their practical bearing on the life of the world by no means remote. It looks indeed as though the problem of vertical ascent and descent—the problem which above all others has baffled pioneers of mechanical flight and retarded the progress of aviation—has now been definitely solved. Flight may soon be "popular" in the full sense of the word. The chief dangers to aviators have hitherto been those of leaving the ground and landing. With a machine which - like the autogiro-cannot "stall," and can hover, these difficulties are swept away. Anyone who can drive a car should soon be able to fly an autogiro. But that is not the greatest gain. The most immediate practical advantage of the invention is that it abolishes the necessity for large landinggrounds and allows the aeroplane to ascend and descend in the very centres of cities. Upon the commercial possibilities of this new achievement let those with imagination ponder.

To-day is memorable for the opening (by the King) of yet another branch of the National Gallery at Millbank. Already the title "Tate Gallery" did not accurately fit the building that contained the Turner wing, given to the nation by the late Sir Joseph Duveen: his son, Sir Joseph the younger, has now further extended an institution which from first to last has been the work of private beneficence. The "Millbank Gallery" will in future house modern foreign as well as modern British art. The present extension consists of three upstairs galleries and five well-lit ground-floor galleries devoted to foreign art generally, chiefly, as is natural, French, and an upstairs gallery specially allotted to the works of John Sargent, including the Wertheimer Bequest. The collection is an astonishing one, considering how late in the day it has been formed. The nucleus is the Lane Bequest of a group of pictures which he reserved in his life-time as a prize for the City, Dublin or London, which should first provide a gallery. It was the announcement of the bequest to London that determined Sir Joseph Duveen's action, and various gifts from him and other donors have supplemented that beginning. Most notable among them is the remarkable group of pictures of the later French school acquired from a fund of over £50,000 provided by Mr. Samuel Courtauld. Even in the heavily burdened England of these bad times the pious donor survives. The latest addition is one of four pictures and two pieces of sculpture from the National Art Collections Fund. Loans from Mr. Burrell and other private owners further enrich the present exhibition, which will be open to the public next

MORE POWER TO MR. BALDWIN

R. BALDWIN is not wholly happy these days. He is possessed by a great idea, greater perhaps than he can sustain, of a Conservative Party that will be a living refutation of the fallacy that politics must follow the lines of class distinctions, and that the kaloi kagathoi are necessarily friends of the rich and exclusive of the poor except as servants. He is a new Disraeli trying to make scholarship and sincerity accomplish the work of genius and to save democracy for Conservatism and from the extreme doctrines of alien Socialism. His work has fallen on troublous times; instincts that are sound are thwarted and diverted not so much by the open hostility of opposing parties as by those of his own Party who do not see the political problems of our time from the same angle as himself. not necessary for sympathy with Mr. Baldwin to maintain that his is the only authentic brand of Conservatism and that those who disagree with him are thereby disloyal members of the Party; it is sufficient to state his ideal for the Party, to recognize its noble ambition, and to appeal to the sense of discipline which has always distinguished Conservatives. That done, many who may not always agree with Mr. Baldwin will understand the title given to this article and wish to help him in his ambition and secure a fair trial for an ideal which, practicable or not, is ambitious, and, were it accomplished, would make the Conservative Party the Party of the nation and (if the phrase will not be misunderstood) the Party of labour as well as of the rich and middle classes. Two controversies of our time have tested Mr. Baldwin's ideal very severely and, not to put too fine a point on the matter, he is not getting as much of his own way as either his own merits or his ambition for his Party demand.

One subject is Russia. It is notorious that some Conservatives, though not a majority of the Party, were anxious to use the Soviet contributions to the general strike as an excuse for breaking off our commercial and political relations with Russia, and that their views had a considerable measure of support within the Cabinet. Here the view of Mr. Baldwin has triumphed, and has been expressed with extreme skill by Lord Balfour in his recent speech in the House of Lords. the defeated party in the Cabinet discussions has shown signs of mutiny in public. Mr. Churchill's logic about Russia is sound, but if pursued would be as costly in the future as it was in the past. Let it be admitted that the Government of Soviet Russia necessarily regards this country by reason of its economic success, melancholy though this may be, as the arch enemy of its doctrines, that it is necessarily propagandist in its ideas, and that it not only wants Communism to succeed in this country but is willing to foster Labour disputes among us as the best chance of serving its own Mere logic would counsel an open breach with Russia: better an open enemy (it may be said) than one who uses the forms of friendship to prosecute the seduction of our own people, and on this principle Mr. Churchill spent a hundred millions in trying to force another form of Government upon Russia than that which she The view of Mr. Baldwin is that we are concerned less for Russia's good than for our own, that we cannot establish a boycott of one quarter of the world, that one may look the other way when it is convenient without shutting one's eyes to real danger, that we do not want a quarrel, and that if we did this is bad ground and a bad time to join the issue. This view has prevailed, but not without sulky and recriminatory murmurs of opposition.

This trouble over Russia is important because it affects our angle of approach to domestic Labour disputes. It is undeniable that in these disputes there is a Communist element bent on making trouble, that its method is to capture the trade unionist machine and especially the local branches, and that pernicious political theory exasperates economic differences which would otherwise yield much more readily to treatment. It is equally true that the bulk of trade unionists have no political theories, but are simply anxious to better their economic conditions. By which end are you to grasp the stick? If by the Communist and theoretical end, you will punish genuine trade unionists unduly for the sake of hitting the Communist theories and practices. If by the business end, you will follow a much more conciliatory policy in the hope that their success will end in the trade unions shedding their Communist tail as a useless appendage, as the progressive ape has dispensed with the monkey's tail. Incidentally, by the milder method you may, if vou are a Conservative of the Baldwin school, help to further your ambition for the development of your Party. It is this different angle of approach rather than a difference of objective that has caused the divergencies of opinion in the Party about the policy towards Labour in revolt. And here Mr. Baldwin has been less successful than in the problem of our relations with Russia. His instinct was to concentrate on the issue of wages: he has been led to bring in a Bill for an eight hours' day for miners, which is in effect an attempt to sow disunion among the miners and hasten their surrender by the help of friendlies. He promised to adopt the Report of the Royal Commission and the whole Report: he has, against his better judgment, been forced to pick and choose among its suggestions, to reject some and to accept others, and to put these in a legislative form which has shocked many good Conservatives by its extreme timidity. His ideal was to maintain a position independent of either side and when the time came to impose a settlement: he has, in fact, been compelled to adopt an attitude which it is difficult to distinguish from that of the mineowners. The miners are weakening, and it may possibly be that the new policy will lead to victory, perhaps sooner than is generally imagined. But physical victory in these domestic disputes means nothing, and the only victories that bring real peace are those of the mind.

It is significant that the Labour Party has already professed itself disillusioned about Mr. Baldwin and regards him as an enemy like the rest, with the added vice of hypocrisy. The opinion of the Labour Party about Mr. Baldwin may matter little, but if Labour and trade unionists generally take the same view it will be fatal to his ambition for the future of the Conservative Party, and will inevitably lead to reaction bad for the Party and worse for the country. Therefore

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we ask for more power to Mr. Baldwin and appeal to Conservatives who accept him as their leader to rally more strongly to his support, For he is working for a greater ideal than his critics in the Party, and though compromise has its uses it can also take the virtue out of a policy which is sound, and destroy the efficacy of instincts that are more right precisely because they choose the more difficult and dangerous part.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

COUNCIL'S CASE THE

N the morning of the day on which the Minister's decision was to announced a letter from Lord Falmouth, Chairman of the Bridges Sub-Committee, was prominently printed on the first page of The The Conference of Societies defending Waterloo Bridge evidently judged that no answer was called for, but those who had not followed the discussion closely may have been impressed by arguments more than once met and refuted. It is desirable, therefore, to tick them off:

I. The sinking of the two piers. Lord Falmouth takes credit for the Council's "prompt action" in preventing disaster. One pier, by 1924, had settled 19.9 inches, a second 10.7 inches. remainder of the bridge was in what may be described as a normal condition of settlement. The Council applied grouting to stop the mischief, whereupon the first pier rapidly sank between eight and nine inches more, and disaster did threaten. Centering supports were then supplied for two arches, and traffic stopped.

2. " The stability of the bridge depends at the present time entirely on these temporary works, and the continuance of the present conditions is a serious menace, to remove which no further time should be lost." More than two years have been lost. During that time the stability of the bridge might have been fully restored.

3. The Council then reinforced its own engineers' opinion by calling in two consulting engineers, "because of their unique experience in connexion with London bridges," and they advised against the remedy of underpinning. The reasons cited from their report are that it was impossible to give a trustworthy estimate of the cost of that expedient, and that it involved considerable risk to life. Underpinning, in the judgment of six engineers qualified by experience of that operation on a large scale elsewhere, and of a conference of fourteen distinguished engineers under the chairmanship of Sir Wilfred Stokes, would cost from half to three-quarters of the sum required for the rebuilding proposed by the consultants, and would be attended by no serious risk to life. Mr. Dalrymple Hay, one of those experts, testifies that in his own thirty years' experience of the compressed-air procedure he has known of no single case of loss of life, and regards the under-pinning of Waterloo Bridge as "an ordinary piece of engineering work." To destroy and rebuild would be a more dangerous operation.

4. The Council, in face of the great numerical superiority of the engineering opinion opposed to them, " came to the opinion that important matters like this were not to be settled by the counting of heads, but by the experience of the gentlemen making the recommendations." Since the grounds cited above for the consultants' recommendations are matter of conjecture, not experience, this attitude is not impressive, and the " counting of heads "was strangely conducted, since the actual balance of twenty for underpinning against four for rebuilding is described in the Bridges Committee's Report as an equal division of opinion. The statement that the two consultant engineers had "unique experience in connexion with London bridges" is clean contrary to the facts. One of the opposing engineers had been in charge of the Blackfriars Railway Bridge, Tower Bridge and London Bridge, which widened: another had to do with Barnes Railway Bridge: not to speak of great works elsewhere.

5. The Council "was fortified by the view expressed by the Council of the Institute of Civil Engineers." To quote that view in support is misleading. The Council did not enter into technical arguments pro and con at all: they merely advised, on the point of professional etiquette, that confidence should be placed in the consultants chosen. Many a patient has been sacrificed to a

like esprit de corps.

6. "But the L.C.C. was faced with another prob-lem-namely, that of traffic." Now we come to business; and Lord Falmouth acknowledges that something awkward has been urged against the scheme for a new bridge of doubled width; namely, the congestion in the Strand which would result. It is blocked for half the day at present, and would then, in the judgment of the Town Planning Institute, be blocked for the whole day. Moreover, if the approaches are only calculated for the present traffic of the bridges, where is the doubled traffic to come from? The answer is that the real motive of a strong party in the Council was to run trams across the bridge, and this they proposed to do by diving under the Strand and coming up in Aldwych. But not only are trams a bankrupt and obsolescent method of transport, but the proposed tunnel would not take them. Falmouth lets no whisper of trams appear in his statement, but he still pins his faith to the tunnel expedient as a relief for the cross-traffic. It would be a self-defeating expedient, since it would block up the widened roadway and only accommodate the lighter forms of conveyance with an extremely awkward and low-roofed passage-way.

7. Charing Cross Bridge v. Waterloo Bridge. Lord Falmouth's final argument is the cost and delay involved in providing a bridge at Charing Cross. He admits the necessity, "within the next ten years," of additional cross-river facilities between Westminster and Blackfriars, and fondly believes that a new Waterloo Bridge will supply them and ward off the financial nightmare of Charing Cross. Seeing that it took four years to demolish a lesser bridge of Rennie's at Vauxhall, without the complications produced by the supplementary bridge that is now tied up with Waterloo Bridge, and allowing for rebuilding at least three years more, there will be little of the ten years in which the new Waterloo Bridge will be available: the resources of the ratepayers will be spent on a bridge in the wrong place, and the pressing prob-

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lem of the really necessary Charing Cross Bridge no further advanced.

Such is the wisdom of our municipal rulers! We cannot but think that at heart they will be relieved if the responsibility for a London Bridges policy is now taken out of their hands.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

HE Committee stage of the Finance Bill was concluded on Monday. The lack of interest that had hitherto marked the passage of this Bill was maintained to the last. More than half of the exceptionally short time that it has occupied was devoted to the discussion of amendments proposed by Conservative members. One of the more important of these was introduced in a maiden speech by Mr. Withers, the new member for Cambridge University. This clause which had the support of all the University representatives, was designed to exempt schools and colleges from the payment of income tax on profits devoted entirely to the maintenance and improvement of the institution. There were strong. arguments in favour of the clause, and they were strongly urged by Lord Hugh Cecil. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in rejecting it found an unexpected ally in Mr. William Graham, the Financial Secretary in the Labour Government. Both Right Honourable Gentlemen insisted that an exemption from taxation was the same thing as a subsidy, a view which Lord Hugh denounced as muddle-headed, for it amounted to believing that to abstain from taking other people's property was as admirable a proceeding as to perform an act of charity.

The combination of Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Ronald McNeill as twin guardians of the national treasury is extremely powerful. The memory of former missiles is forgotten, and they work together in complete harmony. Their two methods are utterly different and equally effective, and strong, indeed, must the opposition be that can withstand their joint attack. Mr. Churchill supplies the dashing cavalry charge which is launched at his opponents from the angle whence they least expect it, and sends them scattering in all directions. It is followed by Mr. McNeill, who, like a squadron of tanks, flattens out with ponderous and pitiless insistence the last remnants of resistance. And the battle is won so goodnaturedly that the beaten forces feel no resentment.

On Wednesday the Coal Mining Bill was introduced by the Minister of Mines. Colonel Lane Fox is not a great orator and does not pretend to be. A visitor from another country might have been excused for thinking that the art of Pitt and Fox had been forgotten in their native land had he heard this Bill introduced and opposed in a crowded house by representatives of the two front benches. At the same time such a visitor would have been provided with an excellent example of those admirable and peculiar qualities in English character which under Parliamentary Government are more successful in this country than anywhere else in the world.

Colonel Lane Fox had to face an angry opposition which was determined to render his task as difficult as

possible. He was armed with none of those outstanding gifts with which some speakers are able to silence interruption and command attention. When he rose he was received with jeers and the first part of his speech was punctuated by offensive interjections. He refused, however, to be either dismayed or irritated. Unfailing good humour combined with the courtesy of a great gentleman finally triumphed. The interruptions grew less and it could be noticed that some of the better disposed of the Labour members, ashamed of the behaviour of their colleagues, endeavoured to restrain them, so that finally the Mines Minister received a fair hearing.

Mr. Hartshorn, who on this occasion led the Opposition, made equally little attempt to accomplish anything in the nature of oratory. He declared that a politician might have sought to make a personal reputation out of attacking this Bill but he denied the desire to do so and disclaimed the designation of politician. It is hard to see how anyone who devotes his life to politics can refuse to be called a politician, and it is a sad reflection upon the history of our times that this word should have acquired so evil a reputation.

Mr. Hartshorn had really very little to say against the Bill, except to regret that it did not go further. He gave a qualified blessing to nearly every part of it and yet condemned the whole. Feeling called upon to offer something in the nature of a practical suggestion he could only ask for a conference between the leaders When this offer was of the Parliamentary parties. subsequently referred to by Mr. Lloyd George as something of very great importance, everybody began to feel suspicious of it and their suspicions were increased when he indicated that had he been Prime Minister he would have eagerly availed himself of such an oppor-The feeling of a majority of Conservative members was that time could only be wasted by negotiating with those who were quite unable to speak for, or even to influence, the miners and whose leadership they had so often and so uncompromisingly discarded. It was subsequently made clear that the Government were willing to negotiate immediately with anyone who was authorized to speak for the miners, and that if Mr. Hartshorn, or any other member of the Opposition, had a scheme, a proposal or a plan to put forward, the Government would consider it without delay. But negotiations with those who represented nobody and who could give no undertaking upon anybody's behalf would not only prove a waste of time but might create in the country a false impression.

So far as the debate went it must be admitted, that if honours were easy on the first round, points were scored in the last round by the Opposition. Mr. William Graham is probably the best speaker and the finest brain that they possess. He has Mr. Snowden's keenness of intellect without his acerbity of manner, and he has Mr. MacDonald's command of language without his confusion of thought. He can wind up a debate on the most technical subject, replying to all the points made in previous speeches, not only without referring to, but without having taken, a note. He was followed upon this occasion by Sir Laming Worthington Evans, who began by regretting that he had only a half hour left to speak in, and sat down within twenty minutes. He appeared to have exhausted his notes, but he had not exhausted the subject.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE TENTH BRIAND CABINET

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

Paris, Wednesday, June 23

The interregnum between the two Cabinets has shown two things: first, how tired the French are of mere politics, and second how impossible it apparently is for politicians to realize this. There would have been something incredibly ludicrous had there not been something incredibly ludicrous had there not been something tragic in M. Doumergue's taking the suggestion of that perfect fox, M. Briand, and sending for M. Herriot. M. Herriot's failure, owing to the refusal of a Catholic deputy, was another comedy. Meanwhile the Press of all parties went on repeating what is obviously the truth, viz., that a Cabinet formed in the circumstances we are now facing should be one placing its programme before any personal consideration. Yet we saw M. Briand giving in as usual to his habit of trying to please the Left while carrying on the policies of the Right, and the result was that when, after much difficulty, he found a Minister of Finance, and his Cabinet was complete, there was in the country none of the relief that might have been expected. The French have preserved a vivid memory of the feeling of security which, during the worst crises of the war, the presence of one man, Clemenceau, used to give them and they measure their satisfaction or anxiety by that. At all events they fully understand that the question now is not: How long will the Cabinet last? but: Is the Cabinet equal to a fortnight's, perhaps a week's, effort worth the name? The real difficulties with which the new Cabinet is

onfronted are the same as those which, a fortnight ago, discouraged M. Péret. Only they have gradually become better known to the public than they were, and their critical nature will soon, at last, be realized by the nation. We have, during the past few days, read, not only in l'Humanité—the French Daily Herald—but even in ultra-Conservative organs like La Liberté, statements which no newspaper would have dared to print last month. They concern mostly the debt question, the stabilization of the currency, and the floating debt. Under the garb of a mere piece of news, something very like an ultimatum has recently come from America, viz., if the French Chamber have not ratified the Mellon-Bérenger agreement by July 3, it is more than probable that the American Senate in its turn will not ratify it, and another arrangement will have to be made, which cannot but be more drastic for France. Meanwhile, important American visitors coax French public opinion with the old promise that, by the time France has to begin her payments, the interior debt of the United States will have been entirely paid off, and America, finding herself so well off, will forgive her foreign debtors. It is not long till July 3, and we shall soon see which necessity—an American loan or the danger of a fresh burden—will act the most powerfully on French politicians.

Stabilization is the word we have heard constantly for several years; to-day it has become the necessity of the hour. Many foreign periodicals still seem to ignore the fact that the French Budget is balanced, and go on advising more taxes for the French farmer, the French industrialist or the French capitalist. As a matter of fact, what the French pay into the Treasury would be more than sufficient if the amount paid in were not constantly shrinking in consequence of the exchange. So the crux is here. Until recently, public opinion lived on the certainty that the hundred million dollars of the Morgan Fund could in any emergency be used to stabilize the franc. But on June 20 La Liberté coolly and almost perfunctorily alluded to the all but complete disappearance of this reserve. The same day M. Caillaux, addressing a group of his constituents, did not even refer to the Morgan Fund: his sole remedy for unstability is what

Mr. Baldwin advocates in England, a longer day's work, plus a policy of restriction of the importations of luxuries. This being done, that is to say more production being ensured, money could once more be borrowed from America with the proceeds from the Dawes plan as a collateral. Nobody can deny that this sounds like business.

Finally, the floating debt, or, as it is called over here, the *Trésorerie*, still appears as an unceasing nightmare. M. Alco, in the *Echo de Paris* of June 21, admirably described the action of French Bond bearers as a "permanent plebiseite," constantly keeping the Government informed of the amount of confidence on which it can count. Is it true that another two or three milliards of bonds will be presented for payment in July? Is it true that M. Péret had counted, to pay them, on the gold reserve of the Banque de France, and that his allusion to "help denied" referred to M. Robineau's refusal to give up the gold? Is it not probable that M. Péret's solution, in default of the gold reserve, was a fresh inflation of three milliards? What did M. Herriot mean when he insisted, during the abortive formation of his Cabinets, on "the distribution of the floating debt among all the French?" Was not this disguised bankruptcy? Finally, how much truth is there in the rumour that a suggestion of the Experts' Committee, now in session, is some-thing very like M. Caillaux's plafond unique; that is to say, the legal transformation of the bonds into bank bills which would make payment easy, but at the same time would make it so futile as to be once more bank-ruptcy in disguise? These are the questions pressing themselves on the new Cabinet and to which answers must be given immediately. Beside them mere political combinations seem childish.

THE ART OF FORGETTING

As I lay waiting to be called on the morning on which Summer Time this year began, it struck me as remarkable that this event, in common with any and every public occasion, is never officially overlooked. Individuals forget things often—some have developed the art to a great pitch of perfection—but institutions forget nothing. Most prominent among all-remembering institutions is the modern newspaper, which has a perfect memory. Tennis "stars" may absent themselves from the courts, but there are newspapers and committees to keep count of their appointments for them, and if they fail to turn up they cannot legitimately plead forgetfulness. The beginning of summer time, the opening of Parliament, anniversaries, centenaries—these things are never publicly forgotten. You and I may fail as individuals to put the clock on, but it is not for want of warning.

We lose a great deal, surely, by this lack of irregularity. We can surmise what would happen to the journalist responsible for the omission were some big event to be forgotten by a newspaper, but the sacrifice of one life would be a reasonable exchange for the entertainment his lapse would afford us. What variety would be imparted to our organized lives by a little uncertainty in these matters. Suppose that by some conceivable omission every news-editor in London forgot the date of the first Test Match. Suppose a Cabinet Minister overlooked an important debate, and was found wandering on a golf course when he ought to have been wandering in his speech. Or suppose the Lord Great Chamberlain (or whichever

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functionary is responsible for such arrangement) were to forget the date of some great State ceremony, so that when the King arrived nothing was ready or, alternatively, everything was ready and the King never arrived. Such possibilities would add a spice to life, for certainty is always dull.

I can understand some things being remembered sometimes, but that nothing whatever is ever forgotten is simply amazing. And for this reason. The men responsible for seeing that the newspapers remember, the individuals behind this organized infallibility, are themselves as fallible as we. A. the journalist forgets nothing, but as A. the private citizen he surely forgets. He may even forget his wife's birthday: then how is it he never forgets the birthdays of the great? Do you mean to tell me that the Lord High This or That never has, as an individual, little lapses of memory, has never left his watch behind, or forgotten to pack his tooth-brush? Or that Mr. B., who as private secretary forgets nothing, never forgets anything as private individual either? If you tell me so, I do not believe it. Behind the organization is the individual, or group of individuals, on whom it is dependent for its That it never breaks down, never, efficiency. never, is one of the baffling facts of civilization.

It is possible, no doubt, to forget too much, but to be unable to forget anything is terrible. There are memory courses for the mentally inefficient, but why does not someone start a course for for--telegrams, "Lethe, London"? can visualize the kind of testimonial the directors would advertise. "Sir, since taking your course in forgetting, I have improved my efficiency 100 per cent. I have been enabled by your system to put entirely out of my mind the many thoughts which worried and distracted me, with the result that I have gained rapid promotion in my firm.' "Forget, and be Happy," might be the slogan of this philanthropic company. The trouble with us individuals is that we forget at once the things we wish to remember, while those we would rather forget remain with us for ever. Dead yesterdays are always coming alive. But besides the old, unhappy, far-off things with which our memories are crowded to our discomfort are a deal of useless, senseless facts that have become immovably wedged there from our earliest days. Stored in my mind is a mass of dates, historical facts, educational tit-bits, a regular lumber-room of rubbish which has been there since school-days and is, alas! indestructible. For such there is no incinerator till I come to the crematorium furnace. I would I could forget many things, and make room for a few I would fain remember. And I wish, too, I could retain in my memory to-day some of the useful things I learn and forget with a tithe of the tenacity with which my wilful brain clings to those schoolboy trifles. memories of childhood outlast all else. perhaps, after all, that is best.

So much is done for us by public prints, popular encyclopædias and the like, that there is less and less excuse for our ever forgetting anything. Even when we buy a packet of cigarettes there is a multum in parvo of information inside to add to our store. Soon we shall all be omniscient. Or will it rather be the case that because, in this fact-ridden world, the acquisition

of knowledge is made easy for us, and we do not have to dig for it, we shall come to hold it in contempt, and that even if we do acquire it we shall not trouble to retain it, well knowing we can always rediscover it by taking down a volume from the shelves or reaching for our cigarettecard album? If we go on as we have begun, the day is not far off when the world will be so stocked with knowledge, and the organization for preventing us from forgetting anything so perfected, that everyone will know everything there is to know. But no one will be any the wiser.

ON TRANSLATING VERSE

(WITH LITERARY COMPETITION, 13 bis)

By D. S. MACCOLL

WAS curmudgeonly enough, on the plea that I can afford no further distractions, to decline the Editor's invitation that I should set one of his Literary Competitions. But nothing did I gain by that abstention. Week by week my eyes stray to the prize translations, and I find myself entering the already closed lists in the fond belief that I could have got a little nearer than the competitors. And last week, when I could not afford the time at all, I was belatedly inveigled into Mr. Agate's competition and into various reflec-Now that there is a reprieve for the Bridge I will take a holiday and set down my reflections, putting myself in order, as they say in the House, by offering a prize at the end, and thus also, I hope, mitigating the just ire of the Editor.

What strikes me about translators of verse is how soon they throw up the sponge, if their object is to keep close to their original. There are two ways about it, no doubt: one is to produce a new composition on the subject of the original, with a certain number of borrowed phrases. That may produce a more satisfactory result as an English poem, but there is little in it of the sport of wrestling with the Angel. And the compromise, which affects to render, but breaks down into watered substitutes or arbitrary additions, is neither one thing nor the other. The ideal of the second kind is line by line, word by word rendering, and if possible (it never wholly is, and this is a counsel of perfection) rhyme by rhyme. least the rhymes should be the same in place and number. When the original order of words and phrases must be disturbed a little because of penury of rhymes, out- and under-sizes in words, or incompatibility of accent, it should still be the rule to omit nothing of the original and to add nothing to it, unless by way of cutting out the author's superfluities or sharpening his sense. My experience is that with patience it is usually possible to run pretty straight, but that there is almost always one rhyme that obstinately refuses itself and leaves an imperfectly soluble crux.

My reflections arose over the translations of Heredia's sonnet (SATURDAY REVIEW, June 12). Here it is once more:

Tous deux ils regardaient, de la haute terrasse, L'Egypte s'endormir sous un ciel étouffant, Et le Fleuve, à travers le Delta noir qu'il fend,

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is the Vers Bubaste ou Saïs rouler son onde grasse. Et le Romain sentait sous la lourde cuirasse, Soldat captif berçant le sommeil d'un enfant, Ployer et defaillir sur son cœur triomphant Le corps voluptueux que son étreinte embrasse.

Tournant sa tête pâle entre les cheveux bruns Vers celui qu'enivraient d'invincibles parfums, Elle tendit sa bouche et ses prunelles claires;

Et sur elle courbé, l'ardent Imperator Vit dans ses larges yeux étoilés de points d'or Toute une mer immense où fuyaient des galères.

It is a telling picture, with some good lines, and one magical, the last, for which the whole sonnet was written. Now the first step in translating is to determine which are the authentic lines, and which are the more or less ingenious chevilles. The former should be treated scrupulously; with the latter more freedom is permissible. The other germinal line here is the one ending with "cuirasse," for which the other rhymes had to be found, one of them an obvious redundance, "que son étreinte embrasse." "Soldat captif, etc.," also introduced for the rhyme, nearly justifies its ingenuity, but makes an awkward parenthesis.

The two authentic lines must on no account be trifled with: the equivalent for "galères" must hold that emphatic rhyme-place at the end of the line, and "cuirasse," for which there is no equivalent, must remain. Otherwise the game is not worth playing. It is odd, by the way, that two at least of the three winning competitors did not understand the last line and therefore the motive of the whole. The sea and galleys which Antony pre-visioned in Cleopatra's eyes with their flecks of gold were of course the sea by Actium, and her deserting fleet; not a mere seascape with ships.

Here is my attempt at a rendering:

From the high terrace, under heavens of brass, The Two beheld an Egypt drowse, oppressed, And the River, from Bubastis, from the West, Cleave the black Delta with his waters crass.

And the Roman felt, beneath his stiff cuirass, (Soldier in chains, cradling a child to rest)
Slacken and swoon on his triumphant breast
The body of pleasure [crushed in his embrace]

Turning her head, pale in a dusk of hair, On him, drunk with invincible odorous air, She bent her gaze clear-shining and her lips; And, bowed on her, the Emperor's desire Saw in wide eyes beflecked with golden fire All a vast sea and shameless flight of ships.

Since English is poor in useful rhymes for "cuirass," it is obvious that some re-arrangement of phrases in the first four lines is entailed. "Etouffant" has been distributed over two words, giving the appearance of the sky and its effect.* "Sky" would be simpler than "heavens," but would rhyme with "high." "Qu'il fend" is a mere rhyming "cheville," and "rouler" becomes superfluous if "fend" is retained. "Branch," instead of "cleave," is perhaps preferable, to bring out the sense of what precedes. "Vers" rhymes with "travers" and is the wrong word, since it makes the river run backwards. "Saïs" is not sonorous, and is inserted merely to indicate the western limit of the Delta, over against Bubastis in the east: it may therefore go out, and

we get the required rhyme. "Lourde" is not the exact word; "thick" or "stiff" gives the meaning, though neither is quite happy. With the bracketed phrase I will deal presently. "Air" I regret, but this whole relative clause, like the others, is a rhyme expedient. The order of eyes and mouth is more natural than mouth and eyes in the original, and gives us a rhyme for "ships." "Ardent Triumvir," followed by: "Saw in the wide gold-spattered eyes of her" is an alternative; but ruled out by "her" in the next line. Either "étoilés" or "points" is superfluous. "All of a sea immense, with flying ships" would be more exact, but ambiguous in these days of hydroplanes; "fugitive ships" or "flight of ships" is possible; but it is perhaps permissible to bring out the sense with "shameful" or "shameless."

The inevitable hitch comes in the eighth line. What phrase and rhyme are we to use here to render the close-clipping of the body in Antony's arms? I have provisionally put in a demi-rhyme, and the usage of our best poets would concede that device, but I do not like it. The only solution by a complete rhyme that so far has occurred to me is a little forced and therefore betrays the hitch, and I offer the prize of one guinea for a better solution. Competitors are at liberty to rewrite the whole line, if they can make a better job of it by doing so. But the sense must be preserved. In the event of failure to solve the crux at this point the prize will be divided, and awarded for the two best suggestions for improvement in any other parts of the translation; close renderings, but more felicitous. And I will ask Mr. Agate, to whom I have communicated my lame expedient, to be so good as to adjudicate on this addendum to his competition.

GILLESPIE

A S I write the may-fly rise is petering out, though spent gnats are still being taken. There are nice "sedgy" evenings to come, but—well, frankly I am a little afraid; that is why I feel like taking others into my confidence; Gillespie is disturbing my peace of mind

ing my peace of mind.

I first made his acquaintance two seasons ago on a glorious June morning, when, rod in hand, I crept along beside the big carrier that takes off from the top of our water. Beneath the low spreading branches of an alder on the opposite bank I saw a dimple which made me drop on my knee, and then I saw him. What a flank! and what a face!—if a trout can be said to have one; it wore that "cutecum-foolish" look of an Irish horse-dealer, and, as he planed up and sucked in a may-fly, poor innocent babe still floating on its shuck, he leered at me. To drop a fly between the alder and the tree above and let it sail over him was a matter of seconds and Gillespie did the rest. It was a mad half minute; the hook seemed well home—it was no barbless one—and then my fly hit me on the nose.

Had Gillespie behaved properly he would have bolted and not ventured beneath the alder bough for several hours at least; but he did nothing of the kind. Hardly had I finished thinking than, looking across the water, I beheld him, and I am sure he saw me. He leered again. There was no doubt it was Gillespie. Realizing the futility of trying him again then, I turned my back upon him and went my way.

Two days passed; I had not meant to have given him so long to forget me, and the third evening I ventured to pay my respects. There was a satisfying

^{*} I have just observed that Mr. Agate in his note had suggested brass " for the sky. So that freedom meets with the approval of the Court.

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fall of spent gnats, and trout, big trout, were rising in their wonted slinky manner, but I passed them unheeding; Gillespie was the object of all my desire, and there he was under the alder, living deliciously.
Malice prepense I had put up a new cast and attached thereto the most fascinatingly debauched-looking gnat of my own tying; I favour them like that—a friend says it is because I cannot tie them any better—and I think the trout favour them too; one of the best I have taken from our water succumbed to a specimen from which the peacock herl had become untwisted and trailed a good two inches behind; it had also only one wing, but the trout took it forthwith.

Well, I dispatched my "roué," or "rep" (my pattern is "harum-frodite"), through the gap in the branches to drop a yard above Gillespie's nose, and again he obliged, again the feeling of secure attachment, again, like the cat in the song, the fly came back! Not on to my nose this time, but on to the top of a young poplar behind me, where it may be to this day. I am quite sure Gillespie was back again under the alder in less than five minutes; I am also sure that he leered, but it was getting dark.

As the season progressed I offered many flies of many makers, and also my own, but it was not until mid-September that a pale olive on a 3 x cast brought him up. There was no doubt about his being hooked that time; I had him well in hand, gently but firmly bringing him down-stream; but could I foresee that a mass of cut weeds sunk below the surface would block the way? I was man enough to play Gillespie's four pounds, and he was all of that; but Gillespie with ten pounds deadweight on his nose. . . . Would my friend G. E. M. S. consider him a lost trout? Suffice it to say I did not get him, and thus far 1924.

May-fly season last year was, on our water, a courtesy title bestowed upon the first fortnight of June. True, a scattering of flies appeared, but never enough to bring the big fish on the feed. Gillespie despised them; even the pale corpses of the "reps" and "rakes" he allowed to drift by untouched. Weeks of vile weather of a northerly type had a pernicious effect upon every fish in the river: Gillespie firmly refused to rise. At last a day came with a soft south-west breeze and glorious sunshine, and in the evening there was a scutter of sedges and heart-rejoicing rings. I hurried to my stance opposite the alder, only to find that evilly-disposed trout still under the branch, but lying so far down-stream that it meant an eight-feet sail for my fly from where I could place it to his neb. Now I had a very nice pattern of red sedge a friend had given me years ago; I once gave one to G. E. M. S. and he liked it, so I knotted it on and made my cast. I had to make several, for just as my sedge got within three or four inches Gillespie saw or pretended to see something far more attractive six inches to right or left, and then, of course, being a self-respecting chalk stream trout, refused to turn back for a morsel were it never so dainty. In the end he did take it; so did the alder branch, and kept it, after he had done with it.

It was September again and I found him close to my bank "tailing." I hate "tailers," but I hap-pened to have a little "tup" on my cast, which, having soaked well, I dropped in front of him. lighting effect at that time allowed of my standing close to the bank, so I saw everything clearly. "tup" vanished into his munching maw; I gave him time before striking, and then a curious grating sensation was conveyed along the rod to my hand and the "tup" returned. Did Gillespie bolt? Not a bit of it; within thirty seconds he was "tail up" not eight feet from where I stood. Had I been wise I should have gone home, but instead of doing so I changed the No. o "tup" for a No. 1, and when Gillespie turned horizontally for his next breather, it was sitting on his nose and he absorbed it as a gift from

Well, I am sure that hook rattled over every tooth in his jaw before it flicked into the sedges at my feet, and only then did Gillespie think it judicious to retire to the shelter of the alder. He looked distinctly bored.

Was it Bossuet, who, when preaching before Louis XIV, said in a moment of forgetfulness: "Nous sommes tous mortels," and then, remembering the Presence and lèse-majesté, added hurriedly: "Il-y-a des exceptions?" Do you blame me for feeling a little fearful for the coming season? Is Gillespie an

I have only related my own experiences, but rumours are abroad that "the big trout in the carrier" has behaved towards other members in a peculiar manner. Whence came he? In these days, when transporta-One never tion of ova is so easy, who can say? knows what an Irishman may spring upon us, and his face suggested his name. Now consider this: according to Mendel a percentage of Gillespie's progeny would be "exceptions." As seasons pass and the takeable trout are removed there must come a time when only "exceptions" remain! What then? when only "exceptions Terminal One can only thank heaven for mortality.

Tyrrhenus

ON AVOIDING A GOOD CRY

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

HAVE lately been looking through the translations of Eighteenth Century French boudoir novels published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, a series that deserves all the praise it has received, for the English versions are at once easy and crisp and the books are so charmingly produced that they are themselves not unlike exquisite little boudoirs. These publishers, it is clear, move with the times. They have not failed to observe that literary bric-à-brac is once more Quite a number of our admired the fashion. novels, round which the elect of Bloomsbury and Chelsea might be seen grouped in fixed attitudes of adoration, have been nothing more than pastiches of such boudoir novels, offering us the same elegant and brittle little fantasies. return to the Eighteenth Century, or rather to one phase of the period-to Crébillon fils, be it noted, and not to Henry Fielding-is very curious. What is it that our young intellectuals have in common with these periwigged exquisites that they should thus seek them or-what would be even more strange if true-involuntarily create stories with such a resemblance to those old elegant fables? Is it the desire to avoid the rough and tumble of this life, perhaps a sheer ignorance of it, and to appeal deliberately to a knowing and superior coterie of readers rather than to the public Is it the common possession of wit at large? coupled with a feeling of disillusion, of intellect without moral earnestness? Is it the wish to maintain at all costs that poise beloved of little ironists, a detestation, masking a downright fear, of searching and disturbing emotions?

This last it certainly is, among other things. Nearly all of us have this fear, although we may not turn our art into such an elaborate selfprotection against strong emotion. We do not welcome but resent pathos in literature and on the stage; we hate the people who would make us cry. My gods are not those of Bloomsbury and Chelsea and I have never yet been told that I am a superior person, but I freely confess that I myself resent

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More than a direct assault upon my feelings. once I have had tremendous arguments with those of my elders who still cling to the notion that a novelist or dramatist who can bring the tear to the eye, the lump to the throat, is necessarily an artist of power. Against their bristling beards I have maintained that there is a difference between this condition of being "moved" and the genuine æsthetic thrill, that happy release of the spirit. Many pathetic passages, especially in the drama, seem to me not art but so many dirty tricks. It is so easy to be superficially, almost automatically, moved by something that the mind really despises. Some people I know are not like this, for either they are altogether moved or merely amused, but I can simply be split into two people. If I saw a melodrama in which a little blind girl was cruelly beaten and then turned adrift into the winter night, I might easily find myself gulping and blowing my nose very loudly, but the better part of my mind would still be scornfully aloof, despising the cheap device. This obviously brings us to all manner of æsthetic questions, which I have no intention of examining and answering in this place. All that I wish to make clear is that this generation of ours does not desire to be strongly moved, steers clear of the cruder emotions, is ready to laugh but not to cry. And much of its recent literature is nothing less than self-protective; and between the lines of it you can read a pact between author and reader that the feelings must be left untouched.

Turn back sixty or seventy years and you discover what seems an orgy of crude emotion. Literature is full of little girls and boys who are wasting away. You are for ever being shown the death-bed, the open grave, the marble cross. Elderly and hard-bitten critics and legal gentlemen, such as Jeffrey, are discovered sobbing over the deaths of Little Nell and Paul Dombey. In ordinary social life, just as in its reflection the popular novel, tears seem to abound. Let a young girl but sing one of the sentimental ballads of the time, all about a maiden wasting away or a young man dying in a far country, and all the strong bearded men who listen are aflood with brine and, what is important to remember, are enjoying the situation. You cannot escape from fervent hand-clasps and embraces, "God bless you!" and the like, and the glistening eye. In those days, if you were not roaring with laughter (and these Victorians could roar with laughter, and not merely titter) over a book or at the play or among convivial souls, then you were enjoying a good A friend of mine puts forward the theory that this emotional state can be explained by the enormous quantity of spirits, particularly brandy and gin, consumed by these Victorian gentlemen, especially by writers, artists and so forth. scents hot brandy and water in their flood of tears. The wild waves that little Dombey heard calling are not without a liberal admixture of gin. Now, in our whisky-and-soda, my friend would probably declare, there is a certain hardening quality, cold cynicism entering with the soda, that protects us against emotional debauches and therefore gives us confidence in the beverage. The last thing we want to do is to cry. We wish to remain easy and casual to the very last.

It is obvious that our grandfathers and greatgrandfathers had a very different point of view, but what was it? Were they merely natural, taking up no particular attitude towards their emotions, but content openly to display their feelings? Were they the sensitive, emotional, almost neurotic generation, and are we the hardy masculine stoics? Such a question answers itself. are the ultra-sensitive, ultra-emotional, neurotic generation-as you may see for yourself once you take a dip into private lives and ignore mere poses-a generation that feels things much more than ever the Victorians did, and is so easily hurt, so quivering in its almost unhealthy sensibility, that its energies are bent on selfprotection. Our young women may have scanty clothing, but nevertheless they walk abroad in an elaborate suit of armour. Our young men grin fixedly through the long day and the longer night, but in darkness and solitude go home at last to count their wounds and weep. Our elegant and flippant fables are so much armour plating, behind which we feel secure against the bombardment of the feelings. There is embroidered upon all our banners: Noli me tangere. We are weak, unstable, shaken continually in secret by emotion, a jelly of feelings, and so we would appear strong and hard and ruthless, like the heroes of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who are, however, themselves attitudinizing neurotics, fellows who would scream with weak rage and fear, go all to pieces, if a policeman suddenly tapped them on the shoulder.

But our tearful Victorians really were strong and hard and rather ruthless, and I suspect that they were no more natural in their conduct than we are. They enjoyed what we have cynically agreed to call "sob stuff" because far from wanting to protect themselves against their feelings, they really desired to achieve emotion. It was a genuine pleasure to be strongly moved by something for an hour or two in the evening when the day's work was done. And no doubt that popular literature and drama and art had very good allies in brandy and gin. They were so masculinely self-confident, so charged with health, so sure that they were living in the best of all worlds, so untroubled by mad unhappy dreams, that there was no danger in giving themselves up to emotion now and again. They wanted—in the good old phrase -to be taken out of themselves, and so they happily wept. We too still want to be taken out of ourselves, and so we do everything but weep. They were as proud to achieve a few tears over the little dying girl in the novel or the playthough they might be quite indifferent to the real little girl in the factory—as we are to be unmoved at the sight, though it is due to us to say that we would probably go in a body to remove the real little girl from the factory. I do not say which is the real emotional generation, the one with the tears outside or the one with the tears inside, because I do not know. Nor do I say which is the better, because that too I do not know. leave such questions to posterity, which will, I trust, be far too happily occupied to bother about them.

NOTICE

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

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THE THEATRE FRENCH AND ENGLISH

By Ivor Brown

Granite. By Clemence Dane. Ambassadors' Theatre.

Down Hill. By David L'Estrange. Queen's Theatre.

Mozart. By Sacha Guitry. Gaiety Theatre.

Sulky Fire. By J.-J. Bernard. Special Performance at R.A.D.A. Theatre.

ISS DANE tells the story of a devil's disciple (feminine gender) who followed the fiend on Lundy Island a hundred years ago. She has neither admitted Satan to her stage nor excluded him, since he enters, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, in "questionable shape." Judith Morris, tortured wife of a granitic Lundy farmer, sent her prayers for relief up to heaven and down to hell. The response was from the latter quarter. There entered "a nameless man," whom you might deem to be only a ship-wrecked sailor did you not hear his diabolonian laugh and mark his tip-tilted brows of familiar Mephistophelian design. The stranger made himself useful about the house, not least by murdering Judith's abominable husband; usefulness went too far, however, when he dispatched her second and more seemly choice. Judith was then left at her queer guest's mercy, thus proving that going to the devil is no worse than having the devil come to

The play irritates because it hesitates half-way between two schools. It is neither a morality nor a melodrama. If it is more than tushery, it is less than tragedy. If we are to have the devil, let him be the real thing, infernal from horn to hoof. In that case his presence must be justified by a poetical or philoso-phical background. Dramatists who drag in the devil must have something to tell us about good and evil. But I could not discover from this piece that Miss Dane had any views about anything. Or was she merely underlining the platitude that those who sup with the devil will find themselves paying the bill? On the other hand if she meant only to make dramatic conflict from the rub of human flesh on Lundy granite, why turn from Bristol Channel to the waters of Cocytus and of Acheron? The semi-Satanic interloper seemed to me to be-devil the play and leave its values confused, but the rôle happens to be cleverly played by Mr. Lewis Casson, with full horrific suggestion; Miss Thorndike, as Judith, gives powerful acting to the portraiture of frenzy; Mr. Edmund Willard is fearsomely the island despot, while Mr. Nicholas Hannen decorates the scene in a part that gives him little Mr. Casson has produced the play admirably and, along with his stage-manager, rides a hurricane with consummate skill; but he should not have allowed the maid-servant to be winsome in so operettish a manner. Miss Florence McHugh was charming as manner. Miss Florence McHugh was charming Deb in 'Mr. Pepys,' but Lundy is another matter.

Miss Dane left one perplexed and vaguely wondering whether she had anything to prove. Mr. David L'Estrange has nothing to demonstrate beyond the "star quality" of Mr. Ivor Novello and the public appetite for brightly titivated nonsense. How Master Roddy Berwick went from good to bad and back to better is what we see; no whys and wherefores need vex the evenings of the simple souls who like their feuilletons in three dimensions. Roddy at school, Roddy "sacked" for another's guilt, Roddy restored to reputation but leaving home in huffy pride, Roddy as the handsome profligate speeding from drink to dope and then snatched from the parapet of the Embankment by his old school-friend in order that he may carve out a pure and powerful future in the scholastic circles of Vancouver—there's richness for you. I cannot rank myself with the legion which dotes upon an Ivor Novelette nor am I to be vastly thrilled

by the spectacle of that actor as the pride of the school coming in from the scoring of goals to the public swilling of his feat. Indeed, I would add to the Horatian maxims for managers another of my own—a footnote may we call it?

Ne coram populo lavet Ivor membra Novello.

But fortunately the piece is not pretentious and is peppered with perky humour. Mr. Novello, from his first dip into the foot-bath to his final but frustrated dive into the Thames, proceeds to show himself the apt and willing servant of the public, while Miss Phyllis Monkman strikes all the possible sparks

from a part that is a veritable tinder-box.

A Guitry first-night has become a regular festival of the London season. The absence of Lucien robs such a visit of its more serious dramatic quality, but the industrious Sacha remains to scribble off the little plays in which Yvonne Printemps dazzles playfully. Mozart's life was tragic enough, but Sacha's new piece is only the outline of an episode whose occurrence cannot be disproved. Paris took the boy's music less gratefully than it might have done, but Sacha turns the young prodigy loose in the amorous elegance of dixhuitième Parisian drawing-rooms. Mlle. Printemps plays the part. Sacha himself plays Grimm, Mozart's sponsor. There are pleasant songs by M. Hahn. There is an abundance of taste in garnishing the trifle. The playing of Mlle. Printemps is exquisite; how cleverly she conveys the sense of coltishness while remaining the reverse of clumsy! She is airy and adroit, yet the boy's awkward temerity is written everywhere. The play is not so much drama as objet d'art, as the dealers say. It stands at the feather-weight end of the theatrical scale, but the feathers are of paradisal sheen and grace and worn with style.

the theatrical scale, but the feathers are of paradisal sheen and grace and worn with style.

Another Saturday Reviewer wrote last week a sympathetic critique of M. Bernard's play, 'The Years Between,' in which Miss Beatrice Wilson brought to the Everyman Theatre all the fine shades of intellectual acting. That play left no doubt of M. Bernard's theatrical importance. On Sunday evening an earlier piece of his, 'Le Feu Qui Reprend Mal,' was given a trial performance at the theatre attached to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Mr. Leslie Frith, who adapted 'The Years Between,' was joint-translator with Miss Gabain of 'Sulky Fire.' This latter is certainly the less subtle of the two pieces of M. Bernard's which London has had a chance of seeing. It is a study of jealousy in a small French home. A demobilized schoolmaster knows that his wife has given a billet to an American; he has returned from long years in a prison-camp and he is a good subject for nervous hallucinations. The American had courted, but in vain: the schoolmaster smells intrigue everywhere and he has all the Frenchman's primitive passion for ownership. He scourges himself and his wife with doubts and the play thus develops a certain monotony as the man scowls and growls and scowls again while the woman wonders whether or not she will go with the American whom she had once rejected. The end is a sentimental composition between husband and wife; they embrace by fire-light. But surely, before the next sun is risen, they will be cat and dog once more.

Miss Una Venning and Miss Norah Balfour here played opposite to Mr. Austin Trevor and Mr. Andrew Churchman. The women won. Mr. Trevor's jealousy was carefully done but seemed a shade too intellectually conceived, missing the acquisitive lust of the husband to whom a wife is as much a piece of property as an umbrella. I took it that M. Bernard was not satirizing the French male but putting him to paper without comment implied. Is it national complacence that sees in the normal Englishman something less savage and more civilized? There are moments of insight and dramatic power in this piece, which struck me as the raw work of a mind now maturing into

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THE NEW PRIMA DONNA

HERE has lately been such a variety of musical events as could hardly be rivalled in any of the great seasons of the past. There was the rivival of 'Don Giovanni,' the resurrection of the Handel Festival, upon whose bones Sir Henry Wood breathed life, the Jubilee of the Bach Choir, and the blazing glory of Melba's setting star. It was impossible to get to all these things and it would be equally impossible to write about them in the space of one article. I did hear over the wireless the last notes that Melba sang in Covent Garden. The voice sounded a little thin and worn—I am quite ready to believe that that was due partly to the imperfections of the apparatus—but there was no mistaking to whom it belonged. The peculiar white timbre, sweet and it belonged. The peculiar white timbre, sweet and pure, could be picked out in any circumstances. Melba's has been a triumphant career, and her triumphs have been due to the physical endowment of that lovely voice. She was never a great actress, hardly even a great singer, in the sense that she could colour her voice with subtle shades of emotional expression. So it was in the secondary rôles that she shone most brightly. In 'Bohème,' in 'Romeo and Juliét,' in 'Faust' and in the early operas of Verdi she was unsurpassed. I never heard her in an opera by Mozart, but, to judge from her performance of various airs, I should say that she was not a great Mozart singer. Indeed Desdemona, whose innocence her voice naturally portrayed, was her only real success in a great masterpiece.

Melba was, indeed, unique. But she was also the last fine bloom on the old tree of Italian operatic

Melba was, indeed, unique. But she was also the last fine bloom on the old tree of Italian operatic tradition. The singers of her class relied exclusively upon singing; acting with them was a minor consideration, and so long as they produced lovely sounds we could be content to listen enchanted. Owing to the revolution in operatic methods effected by Wagner and to the dramatic verismo of the Italian composers since his day, a new ideal has sprung up and the dramatic soprano has almost ousted her lyrical sister (or should I say aunt?) from the stage. Sometimes—for instance, in Lotte Lehmann, Elizabeth Schumann and Maria Ivogün—we get a rare combination of the two qualities. But the emphasis is generally on the acting. A supreme example of the new manner is to be seen in the performances of Jeritza. I have not included the revival of Massenet's 'Thaīs' among musical events, because as music the work is wholly worthless. One of my colleagues assured me that this is not the worst opera ever written. But there is a depth of dullness at which comparisons become impossible and I hope never to hear a duller work.

However, it served admirably as a vehicle for Jeritza's methods. Melba achieved her effects with apparent ease; the voice just sang on with all the freedom of a nightingale, whatever may have been the hard work and routine of exercises that went to make it possible. Jeritza works hard enough, but we see the works going round before our eyes. Her careful calculation of pose and gesture, which have been reduced to a mechanical process, deprive us of any possibility of believing in the characters she enacts. We can believe in Leider's Isolde and Brünnhilde, because, although she has her mannerisms of gesture, she lives her parts intensely with all the force of her compelling personality. Jeritza's meretricious acting has no such force behind it to make it convincing. She has, indeed, a magnificent voice. Its power is tremendous and its softer tones are sweet, but she is for ever distracting our attention from its beauty by her obvious pre-occupation with the hang of her beautiful gowns, the movements of her beautiful arms and the exact poise of her beautiful head. Moreover, this pre-occupation

and her overwhelming desire to create effect and always effect detracts from the purity of her singing. In 'Thaīs' she was frequently some way off the true note, and her scoops and slurs were a sad descent from the high standard of style in singing which had been set earlier in the season. Yet all this was not merely accepted but welcomed with the same rapturous enthusiasm which in the past has been accorded to such artists as Destinn and Leider.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS'S ORATORIO

It is a pleasure to turn from this trumpery affair to the consideration of a sincere musical work, though it is far less easy to write about. Encouraged, perhaps, by the revival of interest in Handel, Vaughan Williams has written an oratorio. But, while Handel dwelt in his religious works on the outward facts of some biblical story and to a certain extent dramatized them, the modern composer has chosen as his theme the fall of Babylon and the establishment of the Holy City as narrated in very mystic fashion in the Book of Revelation of St. John the Divine. This is a further step in the composer's progress in religious philosophy, which was definitely begun last year in the work called 'Flos Campi.' As a whole the new work was, at first hearing, a disappointment. The composer seems to have accepted too easily as a means of expressing his thought the common currency of modern music and it was with regret that one found so many of the mannerisms, which have been exploited by Holst, in a work by Vaughan Williams, whose individuality has usually been so clear. The individuality is there at times, but the whole is not stamped with his unmistakable mark as is the Pastoral Symphony or the slow movement of the Concerto Accademico for violin. This is not to deny that there are some lovely moments in the new work, the most notable being the description of the fall of Babylon and with it the inevitable destruction of so many pleasant and beautiful things. But what should have been the climax of the work, the appearance of the New Jerusalem, showed only too plainly that the composer's inspiration had not been equal to his tremendous theme.

The oratorio is planned for a baritone, who acts as narrator, a tenor, who has one short sentence to sing at the end chosus semichane and distant chemical charges.

The oratorio is planned for a baritone, who acts as narrator, a tenor, who has one short sentence to sing at the end, chorus, semi-chorus, a distant chorus of boys, and orchestra. The various choral groups are handled with a complete mastery of effect, which is a distinct technical advance on anything Vaughan Williams has done before. In performance the boys' voices did not sound as effective as they should have done, but the acoustics of the Central Hall, Westminster, are notoriously bad and the Temple Choristers had to sing from a passage-way at one side through an opened door. The main chorusus were sung by the Bach Choir with an enthusiasm obviously born of genuine affection for the work and their conductor, which makes one think that there may be more in it than appeared at a first hearing. Mr. Roy Henderson sang the baritone solo with a complete understanding of its meaning that was really impressive. This is the young singer who gave such an astonishing performance in Delius's 'Mass of Life' early last spring. His voice is beautiful in quality and his singing absolutely true. He must be a remarkable musician; for what other singer, even with years of experience behind him, would dare to sing in a new work of such difficulty without a note of music to assist his memory and do it with complete assurance and success?

H

NEXT WEEK'S OPERAS

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. 'L'Heure Espagnole,' followed by 'Gianni Schicchi,' on Monday, June 28, at 8. 'Falstaff' on Tuesday, June 29, at 8. 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' on Wednesday, June 30, at 8.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INFORMATION WANTED!

SIR,-An old man now, I write seeking aid in a task self-imposed in my youth—a task which has withdrawn me from the world and its peoples, but which I now fear without assistance from others must be left by me incomplete, for I have as yet concluded but one section: I refer to my labours in collecting data and observing facts relating to the peoples of these islands, having designed to issue an exhaustive survey on the subject in vindication of Professor Schmidt's great work, 'The Survival of Primeval Traits and Characteristics in the Races of Mankind.'

Scientific and technical knowledge is not essential to those who would aid me in my task, as the system I have adopted is simple in the extreme. I take the description of the race as given by some writer of olden times, and deleting therefrom such habits and ways in life which it is reasonable to suppose the development of our social code and conventions would have caused to be abandoned during the ages (abandoned I say, although it is true that some authorities

—Professor Schmidt included—believe that in the true these matters have but become dormant, quiescent) I quietly observe likely individuals and note their characteristics for comparison with the ancestral type—and this, Sir, is my appeal to such of your readers who know, or know of any native of Wales: that they will compare his ways with the description given and communicate with me if he on any points conforms to the parent type—Wales only, for the Irish question I feel I have disposed of (I am an Irishman myself), having addressed a request to the two Governments which now rule that island, confident of their assistance and that one or the other will recognize a type from the description given in either their

own or the adjoining State.

It is from the 'Itinerary' and 'Description of Wales,' by Giraldus Cambrensis (circa 1200), I quote—at some length I regret, for unfortunately Sir Richard Colt Hoare's excellent translation of 1806 is now out of print-and thus he describes the Welshman of his day:

Is easily urged from undertaking any action and as easily checked from prosecuting it quick in action but more stubborn in a bad than in a good cause; constant only in acts of inconstancy. Above all others addicted to the digging up of boundary ditches, removing the limits, transgressing the landmarks So great is their disposition towards this common violence, that they scruple not to claim as their hereditary rights those lands which are held under lease or at will . . . or by any other title. They wish that all people would join with them in their bad habits and expenses.

Is there a Welshman to-day to whom this description, written seven hundred years ago by the learned Giraldus, could be applied by any of your readers? But perhaps (as there have been wars of late) I should quote their particular methods of warfare, to the end that a true type may be the more readily recognized, if these traits should have been remarked in some distinguished general or leader:

They are [says Giraldus] terrible in their clamour and looks, filling the air with horrid shouts and the deep toned clangor of very loud trumpets; swift and rapid in their advances and frequent throwing of darts. Though defeated and put to flight one day, they are ready to resume the combat on the next... and although perhaps they do not display great fortitude in open engagements and regular conflicts, yet they embarrass the enemy by ambuscades and mighty sallies.

I would particularly ask any reader who may know of such a "survival" to communicate the information privately and without the knowledge of the individual, so that I may observe him in a state of nature (if I may use the phrase), for national pride might lead any man so honoured to cultivate whatever of the characteristics given by Giraldus he may lack, which would not be the wish of

Yours, etc.,

W.

STRENGTHEN THE LAW

SIR,-How long are the calculated vagaries of seditious agitation to hold up the country and insult the Government? Our powers of resistance to a war of attrition are limited. Trade grows worse and worse; unless the Government takes the offensive we are lost.

The British community lacks the protection of modern laws, adequate to protect it against internal foes. That is our weakness, but it can be remedied in a few weeks. This Session should not close without the passing of a group of laws specially drawn to protect the community against seditious minorities. Unless we protect ourselves quickly, the agitation will beat the Government. We need laws enabling the Government to strike promptly and hard the agitators who are tearing out the vitals of the British nation.

I am, etc., C. POYNTZ SANDERSON Emsworth.

BLEAK HOUSE REVISITED

SIR,-I am not a raving Dickensian. was I should not want to garrotte Mr. Gould. His personal likes and dislikes are his own concern, takes it upon himself to write, "It is monstrous that anybody should praise 'Bleak House," I do not know whether to wonder more at his folly or conceit. Because Mr. Gould has not enjoyed a book it is monstrous that anyone should speak well of it! I am wondering why Mr. Gould ever wrote that article. Because he had a dull railway journey across Europe is a poor reason for making readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW suffer too.

I am, etc., P. J. CAMPBELL

SPENGLERISM

SIR,—In connexion with your most interesting review of Spengler's 'The Decline of the West,' may we venture to point out that:

We made the contract for the publication of the English edition as far back as 1921. (b) We were in no way responsible for the delay of the appearance of the English version. (c) The translator is an of the English version. (c) Englishman. (d) We arranged for our edition to be printed simultaneously with the American edition (for which arrangements were made a considerable time after our contract was signed) to avoid dual typesetting and at the same time to secure copyright in the U.S.A. (e) The second volume to which reference is made was in the nature of an afterthought and was not published in Germany until long after the appearance of the first volume.

We are, etc., GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD. Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, W.C.1

ERRATA

Mr. D. S. MacColl writes: In the hurried correction of a proof last week two slips escaped me: In my reference to the late Easton Gibb, "whom I know" should of course " whom be "knew," and the name of his brother not "Sir Robert" but "Sir George." A third brother, and my earliest acquaintance among them, was the Rev. John Gibb, tutor in the English Presbyterian College, a scholar, handicapped by deafness, absent-minded, but absent with great spirits and delightful when recalled, of whom an account has been published in a little book by the daughter of his crony, Meredith Townsend, some time editor of the Spectator.* The father and grandfather had been engineers, responsible for the Dean Bridge, Edinburgh, and other public works; nor is the dynasty extinct. Another error was a reference to the Surrey side of the river in place of the Middlesex side.

* The Mind of John Gibb: A Miniature Portrait.' My C. M



Dramatis Personæ. No. 206.

By 'Quiz'

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS-17

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best letters of Consolation, neither exceeding 250 words, addressed at the same time to two friends, one of whom has backed the fourth horse for a place, and the other the last horse for a win.

We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Sonnet, in strict form, containing instructions for making a cocktail.

13 bis. A special prize of One Guinea is generously offered by Mr. D. S. MacColl for the best solution of a problem posed by him in his article on page 772 of Entries for this Competition must be this issue. clearly marked 13 bis, and must reach us not later than by the first post on Monday, July 5.

The following rules must be observed by all competitors:

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week LITERARY 17A or LITERARY 17B, or LITERARY 18 bis).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 5, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the Saturday Review immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 15

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best account of an imaginary meeting between Mr. Salteena and Lorelei and Dorothy. The encounter may be described in the style of (a) 'The Young Visiters' or (b) 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.' It must not exceed 400 words in length.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering, in the manner of Pope, of the following poem:

> Never seek to tell thy love, Love that never told can be; For the gentle wind doth move Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love, I told her all my heart, Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah! She did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me, A traveller came by, Silently, invisibly: He took her with a sigh.

The rendering must not be more than sixteen lines

We have received the following report from Mr. L. P. Hartley, with which we concur, and we therefore have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. L. P. HARTLEY

on. If our readers have flinched from making the acquaintance of Lorelei and Dorothy, we can scarcely blame them; rightly or wrongly, they have not pre-ferred blondes. But it is sad to think that the appealing figure of Mr. Salteena has been so quickly forgotten. Perhaps his admirers could not bear to see him exploited a second time. Miss Elles steeled herself, however, and her account of the meeting could hardly be bettered. She catches the spirit of both books-the veiled cupidity of the adventuresses and the unsuspecting generosity of their benefactor. As the other entries do not justify the award of a second prize we have given it to a third competitor in Section B.

THE WINNING ENTRY

This is a tricky establishment come what may said Mr. Salteena feeling about for his bedroom not being much up to the lift after a late reparst.

Suddenly a blast of merry laughter pearced his ears and a door was thrown outwards by a young girl of 18 looking quite the thing in a diamond braicelett and She gave him a bekkoning glance and long earrings. he swayed into the room. I fear I have mislaid my apartment he confided dying a deep red as he noticed her superior tone. Not at all she responded curtiusly because I mean it is a thing anybody does at times.

It looked a tasty bedroom with some rich wines on the table and another young girl imbibing the same. Their names were Loryly and Dorothy.

I mean Dorothy said Loryly it seems like we wasted a lot of time in the porch this evening because I mean there was this gentleman that might have been protecting we girls and now it seems it is too late to go

But first I must tell you said Mr. Salteena in sweltering tones that I am only a gentleman in parts as they say. Well I mean some things are good to have after all said Loryly admiring the ruby studs Mr. Salteena had bort at a sale so he was very glad to know they were the right idear. But Dorothy said if you get buttons like that out of a sale in England what do they do for their lucky dips which made Loryly quite depressed I mean my girl frend really does not seem to mind about pollish. You supprise me said Mr. Salteena laughing agreeably down his

Well how about having a party said Dorothy. By all means chimed Mr. Salteena settling down to it and saying a few witty rymes for a start.

There were countless glasses and whisky as well as some lushus champaigne and sweets with wine in and Mr. Salteena felt very sparkly inside long before it was time to flit.

So now Alf said Loryly pulling up the blinds it seems we ought to get some rest and so if we do not seem to meet some gentleman to-day we will go shopping before lunch. Ten thousand thanks cried Mr. Salteena warbling a merry stave as he wended his way.

DORIS ELLES

The Popian paraphrases of Blake's lovely poem were many and, on the whole, excellent. Some, however, reproduced the artificiality of their model without his elegance. One, more explicit than Blake, ventured to say what it was in the poet's proposal that made his sweetheart go away:

I once did love and thought to win my bride By telling how I very nearly died.

Poor lady, she could hardly fancy a man so predisposed towards mortality. Another described the traveller as a Baron, implying that he had his rank to

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thank for the success of his suit. Yet another, exasperated by the traveller's anonymity, broke out with the explanatory couplet:

O God! soon after she was gone from us A man did pass from sunny Italy.

Staggartier called him, without authority, "a stranger to these parts," suggesting that he had been asked the way and failed to give a satisfactory answer. No one took him for the envoy of a merchant, a reading which gives the close of the poem a curious effect; but several, with great plausibility, saw him as the symbol of death. The fact of his invisibility lends weight to this interpretation; but Love is, one supposes, equally invisible.

One competitor was more daring than fortunate in his use of metaphor:

Until his Passion, swelling out of hand, Pursues th' Avowal which his Reason bann'd, Plots with the tongue, who feels its long Eclipse, Bursts all its bands and trembling rushes to his lips.

W. J. T.'s contribution perhaps comes closest to Pope's manner, but it is spoilt by an exceedingly awkward last line. The difficulty of selecting the winning entries was increased by the fact that many competitors ignored the full stop after "ghastly fears " and ascribed to the lady the perturbation that properly belonged to the poet. Both Mr. Duff Cooper and Mervyn are guilty of this, but in view of the excellence of their verses we award them the first and second prize. Mr. Duff Cooper's rendering is very neat and graceful; Mervyn's epigram is a little marred by the word "teachable," a gerundive foreign to the spirit of the eighteenth century, which, as a whole, did not feel it had anything to learn. The third prize goes to J. C. Nunns; and honourable mention to Non Omnia, J. Kenneth Rankin, the Rev. Charles G. Box, P. R. Laird, the Rev. Peter Morrison and Lester Ralph.

FIRST PRIZE

Beware, in love, of being overbold, Seek not to tell what never can be told. The gentle zephyr's way has always been Unheard to come and to depart unseen. Fond without forethought, am'rous without art, I told my love the secret of my heart. The nymph's alarm dispelled her rosy hue, And in a fit of vapours she withdrew.

She went, but had, alas, not far to go
Before she met a modish, travelled Beau;
He did not plead but nor did she refuse, He sighed to win what I had wept to lose. DUFF COOPER

SECOND PRIZE

To ruffling gales since Flora will not come,
Were lovers teachable they'd all be dumb.
Consider PUGG, how 'twas his own undoing
To blow a Hurricane and think it wooing;
For while his mistress trembled, paled, and wilted,
Young ZEPHYR passed: he sighed, and PUGG was jilted.

MERVYN

THIRD PRIZE

THIRD PRIZE

Love, like the gentle Zephyr from the west, His errand seeks unseen and unexpressed. They err who seek to force him or compel, And speak in words what words can never tell. A lover once long time my lips I sealed, And pierced by Cupid ne'er my wound revealed; Trembling at last and full of ghastly fears My wordy tale I pour in Chloe's ears. Alack, poor wretch! too late my fault I learn, And Chloe flies me never to return.

Forthwith a stranger fresh from distant parts, Like Zephyr's self displays his gentle arts; No word he speaks, but wiser far than I, Breathes his whole passion in a single sigh. Silent he conquers with mysterious sway, And sudden victor bears his nymph away.

J. C. Nunns

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

That Kind of Man. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

The Green Lacquer Pavilion. By Helen Beauclerk. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

By André Maurois. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

RTISTS are a notoriously difficult subject for the A RTISTS are a notoriously difficult subject to them novelist. Conjugal eccentricity is expected of them and yet, very often, the reader is also expected to take their sequent or concurrent amours with deadly seriousness. In the account of his early years Stendhal somewhere makes a list of his mistresses. Which, he asks himself plaintively, picking out first one name and then another, had given him most satisfaction? Which most interest? Which most pain? To whom, had circumstances favoured, might he have been faithful longest? Which of all the ruptures affected him most deeply? The inquiry is conducted with gravity and self-pity, and with the implied assurance that the emotion it excites will find an echo in every breast.

Mr. Beresford's hero Henry Blackstone, also a man of letters and, like Stendhal, unhappy in affairs of the heart, is yet a very different person from the French novelist. He was not, nor does Mr. Beresford make any such claim for him, a genius of the first order; he was a novelist with a distinct but limited talent-romantic and a little exquisite, we gather-and a distinct but limited public. The sameness of his work had provoked adverse comment from reviewers and he himself regarded it with alternations of approval and distaste. regarded it with alternations of approval and distaste. It was lifeless, he felt, self-imitative; and the very modern young lady who had presented his son with an illegimitate daughter and made him, at the age of forty-five, a grandfather, agreed with his verdict.

Mr. Beresford's story explains how, on the last page of the book, it was reasonable for Henry Blackstone

to expect that he was going to write a better novel and one of a new type. "I am eager," he said, "to begin," and it was want of eagerness, as he was aware, that had taken the life out of his previous work. As may be guessed, a love affair had brought about this may be guessed, a love affair had brought about this change; Mrs. Thurlow, a rich widow and the talented authoress of 'High June,' had entered the publishers' office where he worked as reader and stolen his heart away. What was Blackstone to do? First and foremost, he was "not that kind of man"; not a Bohemian, not a light-o'-love, but a husband and father, responsible for many things, including an illegitimate grand-daughter and a small yearly tribute to a mortgage. Simplify his position as he might, his mortgage. Simplify his position as he might, his feelings were inevitably mixed; he was naturally monogamous; he wanted to do what he thought was right but he thought nothing right that he wanted to do. He was more of a Puritan than a Pagan, although Mr. Beresford, in his alert, intelligent and delicate study represents him as almost equally divided between those two forces. And more than either, perhaps, he was constitutionally timid and unable to make up his mind. Patience had her perfect work in him; he was emotionally devitalized by having, for many years, been pleasant to his wife Adelaide (an admirable character, and, for all her weakness and obstinacy, likeable) instead of cross with her, as his nerves and temper bade him be. And so, when he wanted a direct answer from himself to the question, "Shall I fly with Mrs. Thurlow or not?" his nature, inured to the habit of obedience, gave an ambiguous but harassing reply. It had been curbed and corrected too long to be sure of itself or glory in its own impulse. Something of its hero's want of force has communicated itself to Mr. Beresford's book. The analysis of Blackstone's development is masterly; we feel that he really

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has changed. But, although the story deals almost exclusively with conflict, it is not so much a sense of conflict as of adjustment and re-adjustment that Mr. Beresford conveys; edges are dulled: when Blackstone amicably discusses his lapse with his wife, his daughter and his son, we admit that such reasonableness is admirable but we do not feel it to be natural.

' The Green Lacquer Pavilion' does not set out to be natural. Like so many others, Miss Elinor Wylie, for example, Miss Beauclerk has gone to the eighteenth century for her inspiration and her style. say at once that much of the book is, to use its own idiom, "vastly agreeable." It is always carefully and often beautifully written; ornate and precious, it yet survives both ornament and preciosity. It has an unfailing sense of period. It is full of chinoiserie and what Mr. Salteena called "other dodges of a rich nature," but though clogged and overweighted, it never ceases to move. We cannot, however, agree with the wrapper, that the strength of Miss Beaulerk's novel lies in its persetting. clerk's novel lies in its narrative. This narrative, or rather, as there are several of them, these narratives are decidedly confusing. Lady Traveridge's guests, assembled at her country house, stare too long after dinner at a Chinese screen. Whether by magic, or as a consequence of the intensity of their contemplations, a green lacquer pavilion springs up outside the drawing-room window. Going into it they are simultaneously transported into a legendary eighteenth-century Orient, peopled by polite pirates, cannibals, and a great gallery of Eastern potentates, smooth-tongued and deadly. They are separated from each other and meet their fate by twos and threes; the composition of these groups being determined not by the marriage tie but by the various inclinations and preferences of the parties, already sufficiently indicated at Lady Traveridge's dinner-table. Then their Odysseys begin, ending, in each case, at a moment of grave danger to life and limb. These are amusing to follow and, had Miss Beauclerk abated, for the purposes of the partative, a few of the trappings of her extended. and, had Miss beaucierk abated, for the purposes of the narrative, a few of the trappings of her style, would be exciting. And all the time our minds are alternately teased and charmed by wondering what precise relevance these fantastic events have to the mundane relationships of the sufferers. They are symbols, we see, of unsatisfied desires, but the allegorical cap is hard to fit, and, when one cannot find a head for it, hangs somewhat limply in the hand.

M. Maurois's experiments in fictional biography, on the other hand, are so admirably arranged that their deftness takes away one's breath. 'Mape' is an imaginary world created by a little girl, for whom nothing goes right since her nurse left her. It is an anodyne to the pains of growing up, a haven of thought where realization always accompanies desire. On this theme M. Maurois hangs his three sketches of Goethe, the creator, who indemnified himself for his hopeless passion for Charlotte Buff by idealizing his experiences in the Sorrows of Werther; of Lecadieu, the reader, who, obsessed by the romantic characters in Stendhal and Balzac, modelled his conduct the suit his content of the state of the second content of the second duct on theirs, with disastrous results; of Mrs. Siddons, the interpreter, who found, in the tragic affection of her two daughters for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and their still more tragic deaths, a new inspiration for her art. As a story, the sketch of Mrs. Siddons is the most effective, although in following the careers of her daughters we lose sight of the actress, and the rejuvenation of her Muse seems like an after-thought. But the incident in Goethe's life is fully illustrative of the subject's capacity for self-dramatization: theme and illustration could scarcely be more happily blended; and M. Maurois's interpretation of the part played by Goethe is so penetrating and sympathetic that, in spite of its small compass, it gives us what a longer account might fail to give, an amazing effect of completeness. It is a masterpiece of suggestion and condensation.

REVIEWS

PROPHETS

By EDWARD SHANKS

Walt Whitman. By J. C. Bailey. George Meredith. By J. B. Priestley. English Men of Letters Series. Macmillan. 5s. net

T would require a more exhaustive research into the I would require a more exhaustro. determine when it was that it first became incumbent on a great poet to have his own individual "philosophy." Perhaps Euripides was the earliest example, but he did not establish the practice. Milton's view of the universe was, or purported to be, that held by every righteous and religious man. Many attempts have failed to ascertain what, if any, was Shakespeare's philosophy. One might with plausibility fix on Goethe as the beginning of this modern practice. It began, that is to say, in an age of failing faith, of unable to take anything for granted, nevertheless felt the necessity of establishing some system of reference at least for himself and so inevitably gave his work the semblance of an attempt to teach the doctrine thence deduced by the rest of the world. This process was naturally encouraged by criticism: it is easier to make an abstract of what a man says than to estimate or convey an idea of its value.

This makes a difficulty afflicting those critics who, now that the proper time has elapsed, are endeavouring to frame judgments on the great writers of the nineteenth century which shall be less flimsy and provisional than has hitherto been possible. One could indeed hardly find better examples of it than in the two subjects treated by Mr. Bailey and Mr. Priestley in the new volumes of the 'English Men of Letters' series. Their difficulties are not decreased by the fact that lately there has in general been a revulsion from this method of approach. They attack their problem, however, with boldness. Mr. Priestley well remarks that "it would often seem that the critic, by writing his final chapter, had done all the author in question intended to do when he wrote his volumes of poetry or fiction, and having done it, having distilled the didactic essence from the poems and novels in a score or so pages, had therefore done it better," which "is clearly absurd." He goes on to say:

Meredith is one of the few poets and novelists who can claim a body of opinions and beliefs worthy to be called "philosophy," a word that was frequently passing his own lips and is never long absent from the pages of his critics. His claim is so good that he is entitled to a very definite place in any extensive history of English Thought, and already he has made an appearance in several such histories. But the term "philosophy" has its dangers. It suggests something more systematic and reasoned, less intuitional and fragmentary, than anything that Meredith can offer us. Faced with a "philosophy," we are apt to become exacting: we demand cosmological grandeur, a whole universe taken to pieces and put together again; we grow contemptuous at the sight of empty spaces and loose ends; we wish to place it among one of the existing "isms" or require that it shall form a new "ism." We are not to be put off with mingled gleams of wit and poetry, the smouldering and flashing oracle in place of the slow and toiling sage. . . Therefore it will be better to abandon the term "philosophy," which would only invite a kind of criticism that his beliefs were intended to meet, and to talk instead of his "attitude." If we examine his beliefs and opinions as an attitude, we shall then be surprised to discover how coherent and systematic they appear to be.

It is clear that to regard Meredith, to whom his own "attitude" was all important, as a writer to whose triumphs and to whose failures it was quite irrelevant, would be to take a false and diminished view of him. Such a method would discover, and might justly present, many great things and many lovely things: it could hardly miss 'Love in the Valley' or what is best in 'Richard Feverel' and

'The Egoist.' But it would certainly exclude much that, while not æsthetically pure, has in it elements of loveliness or greatness and it would exclude also that underlying and constant something which is Meredith himself.

Mr. Priestley has struck a mean and gives a coherent and illuminating account of his subject. His biographical chapters are brief, gingerly and unsatisfying. He is sometimes misled by his own epigrams. Does it mean very much to say that Meredith was a great writer because he was not a great man? Mr. Priestley seems to intend here to say that Meredith's littlenesses (and he had them) provided the conflict in his own nature which was the real theme of his work. But the possession of littlenesses does not disentitle a man to be called great: were it otherwise, the Pantheons would soon be emptied. And surely that a man has been able to put them to such a use is a convincing proof of greatness. But these criticisms are of relatively small importance. Taken as a whole, this study is at once the soundest and most readable thing yet written on Meredith.

Mr. Bailey, of course, has had additional and especial difficulties to reckon with in writing on Whitman. There is the same problem of his "philosophy." There is also the fact that the form he chose still leaves the reader puzzled and uncomfortable and must somehow be accounted for by the critic who seeks to go to the roots of his subject. Here Mr. Bailey is hardly as acute or suggestive as his predecessor, Mr. Basil de Selincourt. There is also the fact, still more disconcerting, that in Whitman we hear for the first time the voice of an alien civilization on the other side of the Atlantic, a voice which is often hardly intelligible and is often repellent.

Faced with these awkward points Mr. Bailey is neither narrowly academic nor unduly indulgent. He seeks to discover what Whitman really was and decides that he is "the genius of America" and more, the greatest "voice of the ideal which the word democracy tries to suggest." He is also "the most exuberant of the 'blatherers' with whom democracies have, as he was half aware, always swarmed." larly does Mr. Bailey deal with him as a poet in the narrower sense, in a sense generally indicated by the verdict that "when he is at his best what he writes may perhaps be criticized as verse, but it cannot be printed as prose." He does not spare to mention Whitman's "ugly and ridiculous barbarisms," but he does not fall into the error of supposing that mere barbarism dictated the form in which 'Leaves of Grass' was written. The truth is that, as Mr. Bailey points out, the culture which Whitman ignorantly despised would have saved him from most of his worst errors, but if it had made him a writer of Miltonic blank verse or Wordsworthian sonnets it would have extinguished him as a poet altogether. The new civilization needed, at any rate for its first cradle-cries, a certain freedom, even looseness of expression. That this permitted, even perhaps induced, many crudities and vulgarities should not, and Mr. Bailey does not let it, blind us to the necessity.

BOUFFLERS

The Queen of Golconda and Other Tales. By Stanislas-Jean Boufflers. Chapman and Hall. 21s. net.

M. R. VYVYAN HOLLAND, who is editing the series of French Romances of the Eighteenth Century to which this volume belongs, and Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who are issuing the books with appropriate elegance of form and typography, deserve our cordial gratitude. For here is a really large body of fiction, not indeed of supreme importance in any instance, and in some parts rather faded, but often quite delicious in fancy and irony, seldom without a

certain air of breeding in its frivolity, and on the whole very little appreciated in England. Mr. Saintsbury is doubtless familiar with the whole of it; Sir Edmund Gosse has appreciated portions of it with a smiling suggestion of its limitations and its not very dreadful indiscretions; but the most of us know it only patchily. Boufflers, for instance, though he was a good deal of a celebrity in his day outside literature, though his story, 'La Reine de Golconde,' had great popularity, and though some of his light verse has continued to rank high, is hardly a very definite figure to those of us who are not professed and assiduous students of the eighteenth century in France. Yet he is not merely an amateur who wrote some gay verse and a good short story; he is a singularly accomplished and entertaining writer, and he had a career of no small interest.

Boufflers, who was born towards the end of the third decade of the eighteenth century, was the son of the Marquis de Boufflers; but, his mother having become the mistress of Stanislas Leszczynski, ex-King of Poland, the future novelist was brought up at that He was intended for the Church, and studied for it, but relieved the rigour of theology by throwing off, at twenty-three, the delightful fable from which the volume under notice takes its title. It might, very roughly, be described as an eighteenth century and worldly handling of a theme similar to one of Gérard de Nerval's, though the point with Boufflers, who was no mystic, was really not reincarnation but that, however often one loves, it is always the same qualities that win one's love. The young theological student would have seen the comedy of Nerval's proposal to Jenny Colon as the reincarnation of his eternal love, and of her very human cry, "Then it is not me you love," and of her subsequent consolation in the arms of the wrinkled juvenile lead of the company. Recoiling from the Church, Boufflers entered the Order of the Knights of Malta, in which he rose to a position of authority. In 1785-87 he was Governor of Senegal, where he proved an excellent administrator, and earned the devotion of the native population. Returning to France, he became a member of the Academy, and achieved also a political position. During the Revolution he was an exile at Rheinsberg; on the Restoration he became joint librarian at the Bibliothèque Mazarini. The stories here appended to



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'The Queen of Golconda,' that is to say, under the titles given them by their capable translator, Mr. Eric Sutton, 'Ah! If Only' and 'The Dervish,' were published as late as 1810, but they belong spiritually

to the middle of the preceding century. All of the work of Boufflers postulates a society which is not simply an assemblage of persons who have arrived there. If you will, though this would be more pertinent in discussing certain other of the writers Mr. Holland is editing, it is a corrupt society; but it has intelligence in frivolity, a nice regard for deportment in going down the primrose path, technique in gallantry, and it is not at all averse from the pointing of morals, especially if they adorn some Eastern tale in which, as in the Chevalier de La Morlière's 'Angola,' also included in this series, everything is Parisian except the setting. Boufflers tells us, with complete gravity, at the beginning of 'The Dervish' that "literature has its duties: and to give pleasure is not one." Whereupon, though he does not wholly neglect those duties, he proceeds to give us a great deal of pleasure. On the whole, how-ever, 'The Dervish' is a study of sentiment, of filial affection. It is 'Ah! If Only' that is the most characteristic, the central, production of its author. The machinery is simple. The Count and the lady, The machinery is simple. travelling opposite ways, each to marry for mere con venience a stranger, are brought into collision. Of course, they end by loving each other. But meanwhile what gay badinage, what tender irony, how light and happy a touch on the surface of their emotions,

by nature!

Mr. Hugh Walpole, who furnishes an introduction, seeks to recommend Boufflers, who can win his way by wit and good manners, to us on the ground that we to-day are in tune with Crébillon, Boufflers and the rest of that group of writers, and that our own novelists are doing similar work. But there is, with respect, no truth in that. Our social atmosphere is ineffably different, our writers have quite other aims, and where Mr. Joyce comes into the argument is beyond imagining. It is not because Boufflers in any way mirrors our age, but because with so friendly a malice he mirrored his own that we should look into his pages.

and with this, how real a feeling, if not for the beauty, for the decorative value of the background provided

THE GLAMOUR OF FACT

The Romantic Diplomat: Talleyrand, Metternich and Chateaubriand. By Maurice Paléologue. Translated by Arthur Chambers. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.

I Thas struck M. Paléologue that, till the days of the Revolution and Empire, ambassadors failed to capture the popular imagination. They were supposed to be circumspect and reserved, to use finesse and dissimulation, merely as men of their profession should. But a period of surpassing events furnished certain strong individualities with an exceptional opportunity to display themselves on the world's stage. And, presently, Flaubert's Madame Bovary, that arch-victim of romantic imagination, dreamed of ambassadors moving in a roseate atmosphere, associating with none less exalted than duchesses, leading "a sublime existence on a higher plane than that of other people, somewhere between heaven and earth, amid the lightning."

Three diplomatists who mingled intimate adventure with public affairs pre-eminently offer themselves for study. One could almost wish for a greater abundance of detail than M. Paléologue affords. But that is a happy fault. With a more laborious method the salient and essential features might escape. Thus, Talleyrand and Metternich are an inseparable pair. Both are morally indifferent, unscrupulous, Machiavellian in the highest degree; and could plead the services rendered

to their countries. But Metternich easily makes the fairer show. He consistently prepared for the cata-clysm he foresaw. After Waterloo, the soul of the Holy Alliance, he reigned in Europe for thirty years. His system was theoretically sound and externally successful. "I am the rock of order." He could vaunt his infallibility. And thereupon 1848 exposed his magnificent sophistries; and he died in the interval between Magenta and Solferino. He succeeded and failed in the human way. Whereas Talleyrand is unspeakable; earns our loathing or contempt. M. Paléologue speedily refutes the plausible defence of his policy that he has left us. "You're a thief, a coward, a man without faith." One cannot but agree with the whole outburst of Napoleon's indignation. Any possible sympathy comes nearest when one pictures him at Valency in extreme age, lost in gloomy retrospect, regretting that he had not the common gift or weakness never to take note of himself, almost morally aware at last of the lie in his soul. As for Chateau-briand, here was one who despaired because he had missed the opportunity to take high part in the Napoleonic epic. But was he a statesman at all? Occasionally transiently, and as "one who never cared for anything but dreams, and then only on condition that they lasted no longer than a night." Throughout he rebelled against discipline and human limits, like his unforgettable René. He could engineer a deplorable war of national prestige, and merely to assert himself or distract for a while his incurable ennui.

And the romantic duchesses? These duly swell the train of their fascinating conquerers. What "copy" for the masters of French Romanticism! Here are the originals of Stendhal's Count Mosca and Balzac's Princesse de Cadignan. And somewhat is quoted from the vitriolic polemics of Chateaubriand and Hugo and George Sand. But is not rhetoric much as the art of cookery? And, if one sets the novelistic portraits against the originals, one could almost declare that the whole fact is more glamorous than the romantic legend.

THE AGE OF CONFUSION

Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt. By F. Soddy. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

XAMINED from a detached standpoint the present state of this country affords a whole series almost insane contradictions. Victory with the of almost insane contradictions. consequences of a defeat is one of the least striking of them; the largest home market for foodstuffs there has ever been and the smallest area under the plough for generations, a housing shortage without precedent and scarcely any building without a State subsidy, a tremendous advance in applied science and productivity coupled with a national and individual poverty which prevents the satisfaction of urgent needs; an economic struggle and insecurity which our ancestors never had to face contrasted with a standard of living higher than they ever dreamt of; a more fervent genuine desire for peace and a more real danger of widespread and horrible war than in any previous age-but the list of contrasts might be almost indefinitely extended. We know that nothing happens without a cause, and such a group of far-reaching effects might have a cause compared with which even the war, taken alone, would seem a minor disturbance and itself only one of the symptoms.

Professor Soddy, whom we have known as a distinguished chemist until his present appearance as an economist, claims to have found the root of the trouble in the monetary system. That has often been attempted, but not in the same way, as a summary of his main points will suggest. Wealth, he shows, is of two kinds, perishable and permanent The first, such as food and fuel, is stored energy and must be

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destroyed by use; the second consists of houses, machinery, etc., with which destruction is a defect, not a condition, of use. These obey the physical laws of conservation and the exact reasoning of the physical sciences may be applied to them:

Under natural conditions the whole revenue of available energy runs to waste, whether used or not, and wealth is the part of it man has salved.

In a world which has adequate supplies of energy, scientific knowledge and inventions for utilizing it, and the man-power able and willing to perform the necessary duties and services, poverty and destitution are purely artificial institutions, due to ignorance of the principles of government, fostered for class ends by legal conventions confounding wealth with debt.

None of the world's real problems centre to-day around the mere provision of wealth. The difficulties arise rather in getting rid of even a small part of what can be made, without fighting for the privilege of either making or selling it.

The failure of the capitalistic era is due to the nature of interest and "capital" being misunderstood, and to the idea of perennial interest being extended from payment for the use of organs of production in the production of perishable wealth to payment for the non-repayment of any sort of debt. There are well-defined limits to the possible interest that can be exacted from a community which cannot be exceeded by increasing the capital.

After examining the question from a purely physical standpoint he convicts various eminent living and dead economists of confusion between wealth and debt. Money, he points out, was formerly made of intrinsically valuable metals and was wealth; now it is of paper and is debt, differing from a personal I.O.U. only in being an I.O.U. on the wealth of the whole community, and therefore not cancelled But a more serious revolution even than that is now complete. Formerly it was controlled by the State, or at any rate the king; when bank notes began to be issued the State jealously checked the rival currency, but the rise of the cheque system gave the banks increasing power to issue money of their own, and this money differed from the State's in bearing interest, and being issued simply for the purpose of doing so. He develops this interesting point in detail, and shows how they "lend" at interest not only many times as much money as they have, but more than the whole country has, thus creating "by an act of imagination" claims to the community's wealth which differ from forgery in being strictly legal. (This argument can be pushed too far; the bank after all is in the same position as the land-owner or coalowner, and gives equivalent service.) Money is properly a claim on the community's wealth certifying that the possessor has given up something of equal value (i.e., as difficult to come by) but finance has gained the power of issuing and withdrawing money at will, without any such tiresome equivalent. In an age when the State is imagined to manage everything the control of the one essential has passed completely out of its hands.

Professor Soddy has written a profoundly interesting book. He does not always cover fresh ground but he brings an entirely fresh point of view, and the value of it lies in the conjunction of absolute fearlessness with a close and masterly logical analysis. The present appalling condition of social and economic life, and above all the fact that we are apparently henceforth to regard an eight-hundred-million Budget as normal, and to pay interest for generations on a fabulous debt, is prima facie evidence for investigating the almost secret system which is maintaining it, and without subscribing to all his views we may hope they will gain the careful consideration they deserve.

ST. GALL

The Abbey of St. Gall as a Centre of Literature and Art. By J. M. Clark. Cambridge University Press. 18s. net.

HIS is a most valuable compendium of all that is known of St. Gall and the intellectual life of which it was a centre. St. Gall, lying south of Lake Constance, offers little of interest beyond its library to the visitor of to-day, the abbey church being less than two centuries old, but in the Dark Ages after the false dawn of the Charlemagne revival it became one of the most famous centres of learning in Europe. The chapters on the Irish influence and the Anglo-Saxon influence treat very fully of the contribution of English and Irish scholars to the building up of this reputation, and the chapters on Music and the Drama have had the advantage of being read by Dr. Frere. In fact there is every evidence that Mr. Clark has neglected no source of information that could possibly be approached. Where his book may be a possible danger to students is that they must not rely blindly on the inferences drawn from the authorities without consulting them. Mr. Clark is inclined to overstate. Take the first two instances that occur. On p. 126 he says, "The Irish style was retained longer at the latter place (St. Gall) than at Bobbio," and refers to Mr. Herbert as his authority, but Mr. Herbert only says, "The primitive traditions were maintained more closely at St. Gall, contending influences being doubt-less weaker than in the Italian settlement." Or again, on p. 119 Mr. Clark says, "The dates of church festivals were calculated by means of tables called the computus. Boethius expounded the whole matter in his 'Institutio Arithmetica,' a work which was used in the school of St. Gall." Apart from the fact that two minutes' search in Boethius would have shown this to be incorrect, he gives a reference to Specht's 'History of Education in Germany,' where it is only said that Boethius was the teacher of arithmetic for early medieval computists. It is obvious that no one scholar can hope to speak with equal authority on all the many-sided activities of the eighth to the eleventh centuries, but this is the way in which errors get into circulation, and the real value of Mr. Clark's contribution to learning may erect it into an authority on subjects to which it is only a directory.

THE MONUMENT OF RHODES

The Making of Rhodesia. By Hugh Marshall Hole. Macmillan. 18s. net.

SOME episodes in the history of Rhodesia, especially, of course, those over which controversy arose, have had historians, but it has remained for Mr. Hole to give us the first full and connected account of the making of Rhodesia. It is now about sixty years since Hartley, an elephant hunter, persuaded a young German scientist, Carl Mauch, to join him in an expedition at the end of which the latter issued sensational reports of the mineral wealth of some of the country they had traversed. A great London newspaper was speedily interested, and golden dreams seemed easy of realization in Mashonaland when it announced the result of an assay as showing no less than 1,185 oz. to the ton. The first rush, however, had been to South-western Matabeleland, and disappointments there induced a more sober view of the possibilities of Mashonaland. There followed a long

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pause in attempts to develop those portions of the country on which Rhodes had fixed his eyes. He might point out, as he persistently did, that Bechuanaland was "the Suez Canal to the interior," but the Colonial Office was indisposed to stretch forth a hand, and a protectorate was proclaimed, at long last, only in consequence of German precipitancy at Angra Pequeña in 1884.

Thereafter the way was clearer for Rhodes, but it was not made easy, for the Secretary for the Colonies, incapable of distinguishing between an Empire builder and the ordinary commercial adventurer, drafted and despatched to Lobengula a reply from the Queen which suggested that he would be wise to refrain from giving any one person or group a monopoly of mineral rights. Presently Rhodes was trying to get round his difficul-ties by way of a Royal Charter, which should define and consolidate his position. As everyone knows, he secured it, and the intensification of Imperial sentiment insured more and more moral support in England for plans which were seen to be neither fantastic nor selfseeking. But the Jameson Raid aroused once more, and in a worse form, official British suspicion of his purposes and of his ability to prosecute a policy somewhat above the comprehension of certain of his associates. However, neither that nor the recurrent trouble with the warlike natives could arrest a development made inevitable by economic forces.

This lucid and carefully linked-up narrative is the story of that development, written with great admiration for Rhodes and loyalty to the Chartered Company, of which the author was a responsible servant, but with an evident desire to look facts in the face and with some appreciation of the difficulties in which a native ruler like Lobengula found himself. The author witnessed a good deal of that which he records; he has known most of the principal figures in Rhodesian history; and he has had the assistance of such an authority as the late Mr. Rochfort Maguire. He comes to us, thus, with excellent credentials; and the sobriety of his personal and political judgments, even when discussing the most unworthy intrigues against Rhodes, should entitle him to respectful consideration when he differs from other and more polemical writers on the past of Rhodesia.

PEDAGOGY

Modernism in Language Teaching. By H. E. Moore. Cambridge. Heffer. 4s. 6d. net.

WHATEVER weaknesses may be laid to the charge of the author of this volume of essays, lack of enthusiasm for his cause is certainly not numbered among them. He states the case for the unilingual method clearly and well, but one is rather appalled by the ferocity with which he attacks translation. Admittedly translation is a difficult task, but its very difficulty lies in the fact that it demands clear comprehension of different idiom in two languages.

The author makes some very good points against the existing system, e.g., that the university don is not the most suitable examiner for the schoolboy. That is quite true unless he has had experience in teaching schoolboys. In fact, inspectors and examiners alike, if they are to be satisfactory, must have had experience, and successful experience, of the right kind. One of the essays contains amusing criticisms of existing school-books, criticisms which are sound but seem to apply both to old and modern books. There is a valuable essay on the application of phonetics to the teaching of pronunciation, which any teacher of a European language will find both interesting and profitable. The various aids to modern language education that can be got from private reading, dramatic representation and song are discussed in a way which will be helpful to many teachers, and useful suggestions are made as to the choice of suitable material.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE most topical of the books before us, for the cessation of the general strike was very far from being the end of discussion of the questions raised by it, is Sir John Simon's 'Three Speeches on the General Strike' (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net). The substance of these extremely important speeches is already well known.

'The Fascist Experiment' (Faber and Gwyer, 12s. 6d. net), by Mr. Luigi Villari, is a study of its subject written from a sympathetic point of view by one who has been favourably situated for learning the official Fascist view of Italian affairs.

official Fascist view of Italian affairs.

'Under the Rose' (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d. net) is a final gathering from the last done and projected work of Anatole France. It gives us, sometimes in fragmentary form, his views on metaphysics, on sexmodesty, on old age, on war, and so forth; and it tells us of some things he only planned, notably of a tragicomic satire, 'The Cyclops,' on the revival of monsters in a world plunged back into barbarism by the war, and of a novel dealing with the career of Napoleon.

'A Literary Man's London' (Cecil Palmer, 12s. 6d. net), by Mr. C. G. Harper, deals with the literary

association of various parts of London.

'Russian Literature, 1881-1925' (Routledge, 12s. 6d. net), is a detailed study by Prince D. S. Mirsky, who treats not only of the later Tolstoi, Gorky and other such familiar figures but of the developments of post-revolutionary Russian literature in Remizov, A. N. Tolstoi and the younger school. There is a full bibliography.

'Quaint Signs of Olde Inns' (Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net) is an illustrated list of signs by Mr. G. J. Monson-Fitzjohn, whose researches, we notice with interest, confirm the speculation in one of our recent reviews that the odder "Bull and Mouth" type of sign originated in a landlord adding the name of his former establishment to that of his new inn

establishment to that of his new inn.
'English Speech To-day' (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net) is by Mr. Bernard MacDonald, who has some forty years' experience as a teacher of elocution, and who here avoids technical terms in the interests of the general reader.

'Edmund Blampied' (Studio, 5s. net) is the tenth volume in a welcome series. It might have assisted Mr. Blampied's growing popularity better if pleasanter subjects had been chosen, but no one will question the technical merits of the first and last of the etchings reproduced.

'Black Fame' (Hutchinson, 18s. net) is a collection of true stories of crime, collected by Mr. J. C. Ellis, who has included some rather unfamiliar material.

Messrs. Jonathan Cape send us three volumes in their 'Story Series' (7s. 6d. and 6s. net), which is designed to encourage short stories of fine quality. The golden age of the short story was the 'nineties, but with Miss Katherine Mansfield, Mr. Coppard, Mr. Bullett, Mr. Arnold Palmer and others, there has been something of a revival in late years. The volumes before us are 'The Grace of Lambs,' by Manuel Komroff, 'Married Life,' by Edith O'Shaughnessy, and 'Highland Annals,' by Olive Telford Dargan.

We hope strong support will be given by subscribers to 'The British Museum Quarterly,' published by the Trustees at 2s. a number. The first number is of great interest. To mention but two of the acquisitions recorded and illustrated, it deals with the earliest and finest representation of societies yet discovered, and with the only known copy of the Book of Hours for Sarum use produced by Philippe Pigouchet in Paris in 1404.

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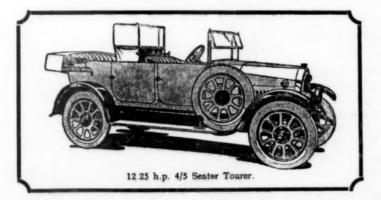
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MOTORING

THE DUKE OF YORK'S TROPHY
BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

Britain, Canada, France, Germany and the United States of America will compete over the Chiswick to Putney course on the River Thames for the Duke of York's Gold Trophy, presented for competition for motor-boats fitted with engines not exceeding a total of fifteen hundred cubic centimetre cylinder capacity. All the engines that are racing to-day and on Monday are really motor-car power units adapted for water craft. A Sunbeam supercharged engine is fitted in Miss Carstair's Newg, and in Mr. E. Johnston-Noad's Miss Betty, while Bulldog, the third representative of Great Britain, has a Brooke of Lowestoft motor. Germany has sent a supercharged Mercédès engined boat, Siegrid IV; and her owner, Mr. R. C. Krueger, is a well-known figure in racing motor-car circles, besides owning fast motorboats. An eight-cylinder Miller engine, built by Mr. Harry Miller, of Los Angeles, California, who has produced some of the fastest racing cars in the world, is fitted in Little Shadow and Dixie Flyer, which represent the U.S.A., and also in Rainbow V, the Canadian representative. These eighteen feet boats have their engines supercharged and their motors are credited with developing well over one hundred and fifty brake horse-power, when revolving seven thousand times per minute. This will convey the tremendous advance the internal combustion engine has made since the war. When it is considered that the nominal horse-power rating of the one-and-a-half litre capacity motor is between ten and twelve horse-power, as calculated on the present motor-car tax, this gives matter for thought with regard to the development of the small rated engine for road vehicles.

There is, however, another side of the development of the high efficiency small engine and the general utility motor of greater rating that is worthy of consideration. A well-known Australian journalist, who has made several long cross-country tours in that country, contributed an article recently to a British weekly paper pointing out that the small rated motorcar was an excellent machine in countries which were provided with first-class roads; but that in undeveloped lands, the larger nominal-powered slow revolution motor vehicles were more satisfactory in actual practice. The difficulties of overcoming swamps, deeply rutted tracks, stumps of trees, deep sand and ant-hills demanded a large reserve of power. Also, the driver of cars had literally to pick their way and pay such close attention to the actual steering of the vehicle that they preferred to have as little need of changing gears as possible. The small, highefficiency engined car needs its revolutions to be maintained at a high rate in order to develop its full power. This entails constant gear changing to maintain its engine speed over rough country. The conditions in engine speed over rough country. The conditions in America and Canada have caused the higher-rated and low top-gear driven motor vehicles to be the type produced, because of the scarcity of good and level roads. The American car has, therefore, found greater favour in Australia than the smaller-rated British article costing about the same price. Australia would prefer to buy British goods, but until the English motor manufacturer can offer a low-priced, big engined vehicle, capable of a good top-gear performance and with a high clearance from the ground to escape the danger of fouling the obstructions of the track, Australia and our other Dominions offer the U.S.A. an ever-increasing market, to our loss. it is an engineering feat to produce a low rated motor of unquestionable power, is it not better from a com-mercial point of view to develop also the low-priced big-engined vehicle for export?

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William Morris. By Holbrook Jackson. Cape. 5s. net.

IT is perhaps a sign of the reviving interest in one of our great saga-poets that thirty years after his death an enlarged form of Mr. Jackson's little monograph should appear. Morris's personal contribution to the art of living has on one side of it been absorbed into the life of the time so thoroughly that youth is finding excitement in reviving the horrors of the home in 1851. On the other his teaching is still as valid and necessary as ever. Mr. Jackson has had the advantage of sources not open to former biographers, and has added in this edition chapters on Morris as biographers, and has added in this edition chapters on Morris as a poet and story-teller and on his influence on the revival of fine printing. Mr. Jackson's own experience in writing enables him to point out the secret of Morris's facility; he only wrote down what he had been turning over and reshaping in his mind again and again. The book is a good one on a good subject.

Rambles in North Africa. By Albert Wilson. Cape. 12s. 6d.

net.

DR. WILSON rightly observes that the first essential of a good holiday is "relief from the stress of life." This he has found in travelling with his two daughters through Algeria and Tunisia, and—mindful of the Hippocratic obligation—he has endeavoured, with the collaboration of his fellow travellers, to hand on to his readers some sense of the kind of refreshment which is to be obtained in those fascinating and still comparatively unhackneyed regions. The full description of the various routes followed in three trips should be of assistance to other travellers, and a great deal of interesting information about the various races of North Africa, their manners and customs and fashions, is interwoven with the narrative. A number of excellent photographs is included.

Dutch Painting of the Seventeenth Century. By C. H. Collins Baker. The Studio. 10s. 6d. net.

Butch Painting of the Seventeenth Century. By C. H. Collins Baker. The Studio. 10s. 6d. net.

WE have rarely met a more lucid and compact exposition of a complex subject than Mr. Baker's new book. Dutch painting has many aspects, many origins and many influences; it is a school of a vast company of able painters. Yet Mr. Baker has contrived to compress its history into a short space and not to omit one name we could regret. His book is a genuine history in little. From it the most instructed can learn a synthesis, the most uninstructed a basis. Its text is admirably illustrated with reproductions which are refreshingly selected by the author independently of hackneyed taste; the illustrations to so many art books merely repeat what we already have a dozen times on our shelves and a thousand times in our memories. We cannot help regretting that Mr. Baker has not devoted more space to Rembrandt. This master is so immeasurably superior to any other Dutch painter, to all the others put together one might almost say, that a couple of pages seem inadequate, but we recognize the justice of Mr. Baker's modesty. So much has been written on Rembrandt that he would be a very great genius who could contribute anything serious on him in such space as the scope of this work would allow. The book is pleasnigly produced, uniform with 'The Art of Greece' which has already appeared.

The Nation's Key-Men. By William H. Coombs. Potter. 5s. net.

net.

THIS earnest and modestly written book is a plea for the desirability of forming a professional society of Navigators, on the lines of the Insurance Company to which Captain Coombs has devoted all his time and energy for the last five or six years. As this Company is financed and operated entirely by officers of our wonderful merchant service, Captain Coombs's account of its activities deserves to be considered as something more than an advertisement or a prospectus.

Charles Dickens: Shorthand Writer. By W. J. Carlton. Cecil Palmer. 5s. net.

ANY scrap of information relating to the greatest of English ANY scrap of information relating to the greatest of English novelists is something to be treasured. And yet we were afraid of the title of this last addition to the vast gathering of Dickensiana. Luckily the book is of much wider interest than its title suggests. We have in it a short but thorough account of Dickens's life as a journalist, and it is quite unnecessary either to know shorthand or to have any interest in it in order to appreciate this painstaking little monograph. There is much material in it which will be useful to supplement Forster. The book is well illustrated with portraits and pictures of the scenes in which this early, formative period of the novelist's life was passed. life was passed.

The Arab Civilization. By T. Hell. Trans Buksh, Cambridge, Heffer. 8s. 6d. net. Translated by S. K.

THIS translation of a work of some reputation in Germany by a lecturer in the History of Islam at Calcutta is well done and quite worth doing. The translator has added a number of notes quoting authorities as diverse as Renan and Ouida and completing it by a select bibliography and index. The book itself is at its best as an account of the early years of Islam, and of Muhammadan Art, especially architecture, but it devotes some attention to literatures and science. The book is well printed and arranged and ture and science.
will be useful. The book is well printed and arranged, and

SOME USEFUL FORMS OF INSURANCE

By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

THERE has been a praiseworthy effort in recent times on the part of the insurance offices to make their contracts generally more adaptable. Unfortunately the public are not so widely aware of the many facilities which exist to meet their individual needs as they should be. Some attention has, however, been given in the Press lately to the insurance of school fees. In its working the school fees policy is simple and the premiums charged are moderate. It assures the uninterrupted continuance of education for the full period originally intended if the parent should die while the child is at school. The contract secures the payment of fees for an agreed number of terms in such an event, and all allowances for clothing, railway fares, board, etc., may be included in the amount assured. Any number of terms can be covered, the premium being payable over one-half the period. For example, if twelve terms were being insured the termly premium required would be payable for six terms, but if the parent died during the first or any subsequent term no further premium would be required. The scheme is available for all parents and guardians under sixty years of age, and medical examination is not required except in special circumstances. A parent or guardian whose age did not exceed fifty, could insure, say, school fees of £40 per term, clothing and rail fares for another £10 or £50 per term in all—for twelve terms by payment of a premium of £2 10s. per term for the first six terms. In the event of the child dying subsequently to the parent or guardian, and before the completion of the educational period, the undisbursed benefits are

immediately payable in a lump sum.

So much for school fees. In the event of the effecting of an ordinary policy to provide for a child's future educational fees, however, it behoves the policy-holder to be careful that there is no liability for future premiums to be continued by his widow; for instance, in the event of his death before the educational well find benefits are to commence. She may well find herself unable to meet them and, in fact, a cash sum down or an income out of which she can meet education costs may be of more immediate value to the child and to herself. Under one of the educational endowment schemes of the National Mutual of Australasia-an office which rather specializes in such policies-a parent can provide by an annual premium for the payment of, say, £100 per annum for five years, payable in half-yearly instalments, to begin at the end of fifteen years for educational purposes. He may elect to have a capital sum at the end of the period if he prefers it, but in the event of his death beforehand no further premiums are payable and the office would immediately pay the capital sum down or immediately commence the payment of £100 per annum for five years if that were preferred by the widow.

One of the most useful forms of life policy to the man whose means at the moment are limited is that known as the "convertible term" contract. By means of it he is able to secure at a low premium a large capital sum at death for the protection of his dependents with the option of converting his policy at any time within an agreed period to the contract he desires, and can then afford. A form of convertible contract which is now issued by the Prudential carries with it a new and important benefit, i.e., the whole amount of the gross premiums paid during the period before conversion are applied to reducing the premium required for the new contract.

One of the most progressive of life offices, especially in recent years, is the London and Manchester Assurance Company. This office, which declares its

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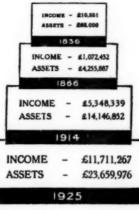
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bonuses annually, has again allotted £2 per cent. per annum to its participating policy-holders; it is not generally realized how good an investment this makes its endowment policies, taking into consideration the office's moderate premiums. For instance, a man aged thirty, assuring for £1,000 payable at the end of twenty years or previous death, would be charged £50 2s. per annum. Income tax rebate at present rates would reduce this premium to £45 1s. 1od. Assuming that this rate of rebate continued and bonuses were maintained, the policy-holder's total outlay would be £901 16s. 8d., while his policy would mature for £1,400—a balance in his favour of £498 3s. 4d. This is equal to a gross rate of over 5 per cent. compound interest on his yearly outlay, plus assurance protection for twenty years.

In times like the present when accidents, and more especially street accidents, are increasing, it is a wise precaution for the holder of a life assurance policy which does not include disability benefits to affect a personal accident and sickness policy in addition. The difficulty with most personal accident and disease policies is generally that they are not sufficiently elastic in the risks they cover. The Phœnix Assurance, however, has recently issued a new type of policy which obviates these disadvantages. The various risks, diseases, etc., which it covers are set out separately with their proportionate premiums, and the intending insurer can make his selection, the sum of the various premiums being then the amount payable for the protection he desires.

There are now, of course, a number of the life offices which include disability risks in their policies in various ways. With some of them this feature is optional, but protection against various risks may be had on payment of a small extra premium. With the leading Canadian offices operating in this country, however, it is rather the practice to issue life policies with a disability clause. Usually this ensures that in the event

of permanent incapacity the office not only waives all premium payments but allows the policy-holder a salary at the rate of £10 per month for each £1,000 assured. This is a most valuable feature because, notwithstanding that the policy-holder is paying no premium and receiving a salary, the rights under his policy are in no way impaired. He could, for instance, if he required cash, apply for and obtain a loan on it without any trouble. As a matter of fact, very few people know how stringent the Canadian Insurance Act is, and how carefully the holders of such policies are protected. Every right and option, loan value and surrender value to which the policy-holder is entitled must be set out in full in his contract—the loan values for at least twenty years.

The housing difficulty since the war-and especially the difficulty of renting a house-has lent an added importance to life policies which carry with them a house purchase option. Even where immediate purchase is not in contemplation such policies. are most useful as they may be effected with an endorsement which entitles the policy-holder to obtain an advance, up to the full amount of his policy in some cases, at a future date. The Britannic Assurance Company, which has issued a large number of such policies in recent years, has a most simple scheme. If, for instance, an immediate advance were required for a freehold house worth, say, £750, it would lend £600 on a policy for a similar amount. If the policy were for a twenty-five year period the combined annual outlay for premium—less income tax—and interest would be $£_{51}^4$ 6s. 4d., and this may be paid either annually, half-yearly, or quarterly after the first year. Policies can be taken to mature at any period from ten to thirty years, or can be effected with the deferred purchase option previously mentioned. A very similar form of policy is issued by the Wesleyan and General Society and has met with great success.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE coal strike drags on with no settlement, and stock markets continue on the up grade. This appears to be an anomaly, but consideration points to the fact that monetary requirements for trade are, owing to existing conditions, so greatly reduced that there are abundant supplies for the Stock Exchange. Generally cheap money leads to market activity, and the present occasion appears to be no exception to the rule, although the controlling factor should have a contrary effect. The country is in the stranglehold of a stoppage of production of its most fundamental product, industry is feeling its paralysing effect, the country's revenue is falling off to an extent that must fill the Chancellor of the Exchequer with serious misgivings, yet prices on the Stock Exchange rise daily. I regret my pessimism, but cold reason points to an unpleasant aftermath, which I am afraid will take the form of reduced profits when next year's balance sheets are issued.

TOBACCOS

Having advocated a purchase of Imperial Tobacco shares for so long a period, I find it hard to express a contrary opinion. I do, however, feel the future has been over-discounted at the present price of 1178. 6d. Those who hold these shares as a permanent investment should continue to do so; under this heading they are most desirable; but those whose purchases are based on a desire for capital appreciation should seriously consider the advisability of selling at the present level.

ANTOFAGASTA AND BOLIVIA RAILWAY

Holders of nitrate shares should take comfort from the remarks of Lord Lawrence of Kingsgate while presiding at the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company meeting last week. He expressed the opinion that while it was extremely difficulty to estimate what their nitrate traffic was likely to be for the remainder of the year, and although the present position seemed to foreshadow a considerable reduction in the tonnage, yet the situation was not without reasonable hope of improvement. For which crumb of comfort we should be grateful.

KREUGER AND TOLL

Dealings will start shortly in London in the shares of Kreuger and Toll, which Company was formed in Sweden in 1911 as an important investment-holding Company embracing Swedish industrial banking, and real estate interests. The issued capital of the Company is S.Kr. 28,000,000, and the nominal value of the shares is S.Kr. 100 each. At parity of exchange the nominal value works out at £5 10s. 1d. For the last seven years dividends of 25% have been distributed. It is understood the shares will be introduced on the London market at £23 7s. 6d. per share, which would show a yield of approximately 5½%. In view of the fact that under Swedish law not more than ½ of the voting power of a Swedish Company may be held by foreign interests, 50,000 B shares will be dealt in on the London Stock Exchange and will carry one vote per 1,000 shares. The Company holds 160,000 Swedish Match A shares and in addition a large holding of Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget and also large interests in the Swedish American Investment Corporation, Grangesberg Company Sweden, and American Kreuger and Toll Corporation. These shares are being introduced on the London Stock Exchange under

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Arthur L. Hunt, FSS, ECII

first-class auspices and I consider them an attractive foreign investment for mixing purposes.

CONSOLIDATED AFRICAN SELECTION TRUST

I would draw attention to the extraordinary progress that is being made by the Consolidated African Selection Trust. The Company was formed in 1924, under strong auspices, to acquire alluvial diamondi-ferous bearing deposits in West Africa. Additional plant has been recently installed on the property, and I understand the output of diamonds has now reached something like 45,000 carats a month, which should show a profit of over £30,000. The capital of the Company is £250,000 in 5s. shares, so it will be seen that in due course dividends of 100% are possible. I am informed from West Africa that the Trust have erected buildings on their properties second to none on the Coast, thereby testifying their confidence in the long life of their property. I feel justified in recommending these shares at the present price of 28s.

RUBBER

The rubber market has apparently grown tired of the neglect which it has suffered at the hands of investors since the fall in the commodity early this year, and has roused itself from its lethargy, with the result that prices have started going ahead. As I have frequently pointed out, good dividends and excellent reports were bound to tell their tale, and the increased interest of the last few days is mainly attributable to this. The recent buying has been on behalf of those in close touch with the industry, and it is suggested that by the autumn rubber will have improved in price and the rubber share market will once more be an active centre of interest. Meanwhile, I would repeat my former advice that good rubber shares should most certainly be held, both for capital appreciation and excellent dividends.

LYNDHURST

There has been a certain amount of activity of late in the 4s. shares of the Lyndhurst (Deep Level) Gold and Silver Company. This Company is developing properties in the Northern districts of West Africa. Experimental plant is in operation, and last month some 400 odd ozs. of gold were recovered, showing that the ore put through averaged over 1 oz. to the ton. A mining share in the early stage of development is necessarily speculative; when the mine is situated in West Africa doubly so; but in view of recent developments these shares appear to possess speculative possibilities. The present price is 3s. 4½d.

RHODESIAN GENERAL AND ASBESTOS

This week there has been considerable activity in the £1 ordinary shares of the Rhodesian and General Asbestos Corporation. The Corporation which was formed in 1917 has an excellent dividend record. Last year an interim dividend of 71% was paid, and a final dividend of 121%. This year an interim dividend of 10% has been paid, and hopes are entertained that the final dividend will be 20%. If this estimate proves correct the shares will look attractive at about 27. In any case I hear good reports of the Company, and feel the shares are an attractive lock-up for good dividends and capital appreciation.

TAURUS

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:-Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

- The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.
- 2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
- Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in ' New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 223

Two Arts by which the forms of things we fix

- Heart of a bard who died at fifty-six.
- Heart of a bard who died at fifty-six.
 Where are my gods? and O, where is my king?
 Who have it say it hurts like anything.
 He'll "find the mind's construction in the face."
 Curtail what holds yon vessel in its place.
 I hope and trust that this my riddles are.
 A moon when mist is apt our joys to mar.
 So Pliny named me—me who shun the light.
 The atmosphere mislikes us, not the sprite.
 May we not dub him mankind's second father?
 Lore of a surface, or its science rather.
- 4.

- 9

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 221

IN ENGLAND'S DAMP AND AFRIC'S SUNNY CLIME
TWO INSECT PLAGUES AND PESTS "PUT IN THEIR TIME."
THESE MAKE US SCRATCH, BUT THOSE ARE SIMPLY FATAL
TO COWS AND HORSES FURTHER NORTH THAN NATAL.

- The annual increase of our fertile fields. Pierced by the deadly tusk, his life he yields. From danger and distress the weak it shields. For me in 'Home, sweet home' no meaning lies. Received rash Phaëton falling from the skies. We in the lake were choked: who fed us fled, What comforted King David now behead. Hoppoficiable fiend, begone, arount!

- Unprofitable fiend, begone, aroynt!
 Clip at both ends you mountain's highest point.
 For folly famous, one of eight hold I.
 Kept malefactors safe in days gone by.

			Solution of Acrostic No. 221
Н	arves	T	A grim old boar
A	doni	SI	furious charged the flying boy
R	etug	E	Too late to flight addressed, and—all his tusk
V	agran	T	Sheathed in his groin-hurled lifeless to the
E	ridanu	S2	groundOvid's Metamorphoses, Bk. x.
5	win	Es	(King.)
sT	af	F4	² Ibid. Bk. ii.—
В	elia	Ls	Eridanus,

- Far from the land that gave him birth, othamit
 - E receives His corse, and from his face the death-sweat tock
 - St. Mark v. 13-14.

 - 4 Ps. xxiii. 4.
 5 From two Hebrew words meaning without
 - profit.

 Hain was one of the eight persons who entered the Ark.

Results are held over till next week.

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"Standard" Poets-Wm. MacCALL

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Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the straight line, thou shalt see
The curved line ever follow thee."

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RHODESIA EXPLORATION CO., LIMITED

REARRANGEMENT OF CAPITAL

REARRANGEMENT OF CAPITAL

An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Rhodesia Exploration Co. Ltd. was held on June 21 at River Plate House, E.C., for the purpose of considering resolutions reducing the capital, by writing off 1s. per share from the present capital of £600,000, to £600,000 in shares of 2s. each, and then increasing it by £200,000 to £600,000, thereby providing 2,000,000 additional shares of 2s. each available for issue. In the event of the necessary resolutions being passed and the consent of the Court obtained, it is proposed to offer 500,000 of these shares to existing shareholders for subscription at par, the shares to be underwritten for the consideration of a call on a similar number of shares at par for two years. Mr. H. G. Latilla, who presided, said that under the proposed scheme no shareholder was penalized, every holding being nominally reduced pro rata. The assets remained the same, and those who wished to do so could subscribe their proportion of new capital. At the present time their cash, plus good debtors, amounted to £48,004, and they had quoted holdings worth £28,592. They owed £9,290, so that, provided they could realize their quoted holdings, they had cash in liquid assets over and above all debts equal to £67,306. Recently they had had the opportunity to secure a 1-3rd interest in an option for the purchase of the Wanderer Mine, probably the biggest gold mining venture ever discovered in Rhodesia. Work now in hand had so far produced results quite up to expectation, and 'he Directors had every reason to anticipate that this speculation would turn out to be highly successful.

With regard to Maraisdrift, he had reason to hope that the

out to be highly successful.

With regard to Maraisdrift, he had reason to hope that the recent development on the neighbouring Sub Nigel mine, plus the fact that they could contemplate a certain amount of expenditure after their scheme was completed, would enable them to join ture after their scheme was completed, would enable them to join as partners in an early attempt to open up a new and important mining venture in the Far East Rand. Their chrome and asbestos property was a big and valuable one, and it was reasonable to suppose that at an early date they would be able to deal with this asset either by way of sale or by commencing work. The company owned or were interested in 1,147,438 acres of land, and there was every reason to expect a big demand for land in increasing prices. The company had bright hopes for the future, and he trusted that shareholders would recognize that the board were seizing an opportune moment to improve its position and to bring its assets to fruition.

ets to fruition.

The resolutions submitted were approved.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING BONUS AND INCREASE OF CAPITAL

BONUS AND INCREASE OF CAPITAL

At an Extraordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, held on June 21—at which Sir Hugo Cunlifie-Owen, Bt. (the chairman), presided—the resolution to increase the capital of the company from £22,500,000 to £30,000,000 by the creation of 7,500,000 additional Ordinary shares of £1 each ranking for dividend and in all other respects pari passu with the other Ordinary shares of the company was duly passed.

The proposal to capitalize the sum of £4,050,004 to such other

respects part passa with the other Ordinary shares of the company was duly passed.

The proposal to capitalize the sum of £4,050,994 to such other sum as will be required to enable the company on July 2 to distribute one Ordinary share for every four shares held on July 1, 1926, was also passed.

It was also decided to make an offer to the shareholders of the company on or about July 15, 1926, to all shareholders on the register, and to all holders of share warrants to bearer on July 1, to subscribe at par for one Ordinary share for every five Ordinary shares held on that day.

The shareholders also approved of the board at their discretion exercising their powers under Article 14 of the company's Articles, empowering them, as and when they deem desirable, to allot 500,000 Ordinary shares at the price of £1 10s. per share to directors, officials, or employees of the company on any associated company.

company.

The Chairman explained that with regard to the bonus issue and the offer to subscribe full particulars enabling the holders of share warrants to bearer to participate would appear in the Press



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